"Of Such is The Kingdom"

George Lester Bailey

"And a little child shall lead them"

"Of Such is The Kingdom"

and Other Stories from Life

By Richard L. Metcalfe

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To My Mother,

THE SWEETHEART OF MY YOUTH;

AND

To My Wife,

THE SWEETHEART OF MY YEARS.

IN THE BEGINNING

Carlyle wrote: "If a book come from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small moment to that"; and this is the only excuse I have to offer for the publication of this little volume.

R. L. M.

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The poem on page 98 was written by Robert Cameron Rogers, Buffalo, N Y., and has become famous in the song called "The Rosary."

"Of Such is the Kingdom"

IN A Pullman car going out of a western city the berths had been made down and many of the passengers had retired. A party of convivial spirits had concluded its session in the smoking room, and its members were making their way to their berths. The foremost man found his passage-way along the narrow aisle checked by a pair of tiny legs, and looking down he saw a little child kneeling at its mother's berth. Profound silence reigned in that car. The men in the rear pushed forward in order to see what had checked the progress of their leader. Exchanging significant glances, all of the members of this party removed their hats and reverently bowed their heads while there floated through the car—and doubtless upward and onward, and onward and upward—the sweet childish treble of:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

That was a lesson—out of the mouth of a babe—in Christian reverence.

A very little girl sometimes grew absurdly rhetorical during her evening prayers. On one occasion

she had one of her "funny streaks" and delivered her invocation in jerky sentences that grated harshly upon the mother's ears. Several times she was admonished, and finally the mother said: "Ellie, if you do not say your prayers right, I will not permit you to say them at all." The little girl looked up, and with her fine eyes flashing fire, declared: "Well, I dess dese is my prayers; I dess dey ain't your prayers."

That was a lesson in religious liberty.

A father carrying a sweet-faced child not yet three years of age, stepped upon the rear platform of a street car. The car was crowded, and several women were pressing for places. Some of the men were not displaying great gallantry, and as the father started to enter the car, everyone was startled, as well as amused, when the baby, with his arm encircling his father's neck, leaned over and looked him in the face, saying: "Let the ladies in fust, daddy; let the ladies in fust."

That was a lesson—from a babe—in politeness; and it produced immediate results in that crowded car.

A terrific storm was raging, and in one home two of the larger children of the household were greatly frightened, both giving way to sobs. A five-year-old lad, who was not in the least disturbed by the storm, soon wearied of the cries of the older children, and blurted out: "Oh, stop your bawlin'! Don't you s'pose God knows his business?"

That was a lesson—out of the mouth of a babe—in simple faith.

One of the best known of the district judges in a western city, long ago learned to leave his dignity upon the bench, and to forget it while recuperating in the sunshine of "The Kingdom." Not long ago the judge left his home in the morning before his infant child had awakened. Rousing from his sleep, the little one rubbed his eyes, and calling to his mother, asked, "Where's my daddy?" He was told that the judge had gone to his daily labors. "Did he kiss me before he went away?" asked the child.

The mother replied in the affirmative.

For some time the little one lay still and then called: "Mamma, come and feel my heart."

The mother, with some curiosity and considerable anxiety, complied with the request, and asked: "What 's the matter with your heart?"

The little one replied: "My heart's a-beatin' hard for my daddy to come home!"

That was a lesson in love.

Men may learn much from these little ones. Unfortunate, indeed, is the man who does not know what it is to be greeted by a little child; who has never felt the warm embrace of two little arms, and who has not been privileged to gather inspiration in the presence of the great love and the perfect sincerity of "one of the least of these."

The prettiest stories that have ever been written have been about children; the most beautiful songs that have ever been sung are the children's songs. Art and literature are heavily indebted to the inspiration of the child, and in the more practical life the busy man who has learned how to live finds his best

recreation in the companionship of children. "I love these little people," said Dickens, "and it is not a slight thing when they who are so fresh from God love us." Someone has said that children have not been sent for the mere purpose of keeping up the race, but that they were given to enlarge our hearts; to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims; to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; and to bring round our firesides bright faces, happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. "My soul," said the same writer, "blesses the Great Father every day that He has gladdened the earth with little children."

How often, in the homes of the world, has that same song of gratitude been sung! How often have careless men and reckless women been drawn from the danger line by the recollection of the little one whose future is dependent upon them!

Recently a number of men from various walks of life were assembled in a hotel corridor. They engaged in a discussion of the scriptures, and it developed that many of these men had been careful readers. Someone asked for opinions as to the most beautiful passage in the Bible. Several learned responses were given. One man, well known among western plainsmen, and one who was not suspected of being a great student of the Bible, surprised his companions by saying: "Boys, there are just two things in that old book that I never get tired hearing of. One is the story of that little fellow, Samuel; and I shall never forget the picture in my good old mother's Bible, showing Samuel sitting in his little bed and, in response to God's call, saying, 'Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth.'"

"But," continued the plainsman, "the prettiest pen picture ever drawn is to be found in the tenth chapter of Mark."

His companions thought to test him, and one of them asked: "How do you know it is in the tenth chapter of Mark?"

"I'll show you," said the plainsman; and going to the check room, he delved into a capacious gripsack, and drew forth a well-fingered Bible. Standing in the center of that group of men, the plainsman read:

> And they brought young children to him that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.
>
> But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them: Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you: Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.
>
> And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.

Impressed with the plainsman's unsuspected familiarity with the scriptures, his companions agreed that, after all, their unlettered friend was not far from the right when he said that the Sweetest Singer of all the ages gave to men the sweetest song of all the years when He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them, saying: Suffer the

little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.

"They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
These truants from home and from heaven
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child."

IN THE KINGDOM OF NEVER GROW OLD

THAT IS a pretty scene in a simple little play where the happy Irish lover throws open the gates of "The Kingdom." This Irish lover, a man who had learned, as Francis Murphy would say, that "it's time enough to be dignified when you're dead," had ever kept in touch with the children, and had not permitted himself to become stranger to the things that delight the children's hearts. By chance he meets a charming girl with whom he falls desperately in love. He mentions the famous old tale of "Three Bears and Silver Locks," and his sweetheart asks him if he is interested in such stories. He confesses that he has made a practice of staying the ravages of time by keeping in touch with the simple things of life, and mingling with the little ones. He tells her that it is just such things as these that keep men and women young, adding that these pastimes are merely journeys to "The Kingdom." The girl drops into a seat and says, "Tell me the story of 'Three Bears and Silver Locks.'" The young Irishman begins the tale, and when its conclusion is anticipated by his fair listener, showing that she has a familiarity with such stories, her lover takes a seat beside her, and with a fine display of enthusiasm, says: "You are one of us; you, too, are of the Kingdom!"

Stage folks have no monopoly in the touring of this kingdom—The Kingdom of Never Grow Old.

There are many busy men and women in this world today, as there have been busy men and women in the past, who make frequent journeys to those hallowed precincts. "And a little child shall lead them" is not all a prophecy; it is history. Some of the world's strongest men have been led by little ones; not led from the path of duty, but kept in that path by the influence which the association with little children had upon their lives. Several years ago when Benjamin Harrison, then president of the United States, visited Omaha, he addressed a great gathering of children on the high school grounds. Always happy in his speeches to men, General Harrison showed that he was, as well, a children's orator. He knew how to command their attention; he knew how to touch their hearts; and, president though he was, he made the bold confession, then and there, that he had made it a practice to seek the company of little children in order to obtain the relaxation necessary in a busy career, and that in the company of these little ones he had found the very best in life.

The man who confines his association to grown folks, ignores opportunities for developing the mind, for rejuvenating the soul, and for renewing faith in mankind. In the marts of trade there is selfishness and brutality; in the political arena there is hypocrisy and insincerity; in the social circle there is double dealing and lack of candor; but in the temple of childhood there is sincerity and truth; in The Kingdom of Never Grow Old there is relief from the meanness and the malice of the world.

He who would seek rest from the toil and the anxiety of a busy life may find it if he but cast dull dignity to the winds, and cultivate the acquaintance of the little ones. The weary man of business renews his lease upon life, and warms the cockles of his heart; he is brought closer to nature, closer to truth, closer to God—as he strolls in the sunbeams that dance among the trees and flowers thriving about the palaces of nature in The Kingdom of Never Grow Old.

In the ballads and the tales of the nursery there are lessons of life and of love; lessons of philosophy and of logic; lessons of truth and of poetry; there is simple eloquence and real earnestness. Those who have not accustomed themselves to wander in this kingdom are not able to appreciate these things, but many whose feet are familiar with the ground will bear testimony to these claims.

There are men who could not, with patience, sit through an evening of Wagner; men who do not know one of music's notes from another, and yet, if one doubts that there is music in the hearts of these men, let him, some winter evening, peer through the portals of "The Kingdom," and he will be given a touch of the soul of music, compared with which the products of "The harp that once through Tara's halls," are hardly worthy of mention. Some of these notes may grate harshly upon the ears of the Wagnerian; the disciple of Thomas may imagine that he detects indications of discord; the follower of Beethoven may assert that all is not harmony; but those who, like the Irish lover, are of "The Kingdom," will be able to grasp the celestial character

of the melody. There is real music in the "patty cake, patty cake" of "the baker's man"; in the "trot, trot, trot," on the journey to "Banbury Cross"; in the "hey, diddle, diddle" of "the cat and the fiddle"; in the "sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye, four and twenty blackbirds baking in a pie," or in "Onery, orry, ickery, Ann; Fillison, Follison, Nicholas, John; Queevey, quavey, English navy, rinktum, tinktum; Buck."

The incident of the little child whose heart was "beatin' hard" for its "daddy to come home," reminds us that as the forget-me-nots of the angels, strewn before the footsore man, make life's pathway easier to tread, these little "heart beats" make themselves felt over the broad expanse that separates the nursery from the counting room, spur men to greater effort, and inspire them to nobler purpose.

The man in the Kentucky hemp fields, who had wandered in a maze of doubt and skepticism, was so impressed with his new found affection for a noble woman that he finally planted his feet firmly upon "faith's foundation stones" because he conceived that there must be a good God, else there could not be such a holy love. Within the radius of the child's pure affection, within the embrace of the little arms, within the feel of the little "heart-beats," there is no room for doubt, there is no place for skepticism. The purity, the love, the faith of "one of the least of these" points as unmistakably to divine origin as the needle points to the pole.

Love and faith, and hope and charity, all these, as well as rest and recreation, await those who would make the happy pilgrimage over hallowed ground—in The Kingdom of Never Grow Old.

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

ONE page of a Chicago periodical edited by one of the ablest newspaper men was recently devoted to the following:

IN MEMORIAM.—Born March 20. Died March 24. His coming was a joy to his mother and me. His going has helped us to understand some things we did not know.

To some this language may need translation; but it will be understood by the loving parents of living children, and it will be self-interpreting as it strikes a holy and sympathetic chord in the hearts of those who have loved and lost.

"Language grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstacies, its wastes and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined." How many, many, fathers and mothers whose souls are enshrined in the temple where was spoken this eloquent memorial to a little one, whose coming revealed the very heights of love and whose going showed what death really is!

The boy in his teens thinks he loves when for the first time he makes bold to go "gathering the myrtle with Mary, Mary whose heart he knows"; the youth thinks he loves when he presses the engagement ring upon the finger of his sweetheart, and seals it with a kiss; the young man thinks he loves when he

leads his bride to the altar. And they all do love in their own way, and in the way of the moment.

But wait until the baby comes! There is love! There the love for the bride is increased a thousandfold, and consecrated in the love for the mother, while in the new-found affection for a little child portals seem to have opened upon new and strange yet holy ground. How the world laughs at the antics of a man who for the first time finds himself to be a father! But who cares for the good-natured laughter of the world? Certainly not the man who, after hours, and perhaps days, of keen anxiety for the fate of his sweetheart, who has gone into the valley of death's dark shadow in response to love's stern call, has been assured that "all's well." He has obtained a glimpse of real life; in his horizon there is not one single cloud, the birds are singing, there is music everywhere. He breaks from his work and finds himself hurrying to the bedside of the old love and to the cradleside of the new love. As a rule he is undignified in his haste; but what does a newmade father care for dignity? He rather enjoys the jests of his associates; for just as the young lover likes to talk about his sweetheart, the older lover likes to talk about his babe. It is a striking fact that although history may repeat itself, as it has in many homes, though child after child may be born, it is the same old story. The same birds are singing, the same music everywhere for the father who finds himself hastening to his home to greet one of those who have been likened to God's apostles sent forth day by day to preach of love, and hope, and peace. Wait until the baby comes, and that is love!

But if you would learn even more than that of love, wait until the baby goes! There is the voiceless grief that "whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break." But there is the grief that makes the tie that binds two hearts closer than any marriage words yet spoken by a priest; the thing that "knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can," for "common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys."

Do we not know that a grave can not be so small that it fails to find in the parents' hearts the place which in God's infinite wisdom has been set aside for the memorial to every child of love? The parent obtains new interest in every day's development of the child from birth to the limits of babyhood; he obtains new interest in every year's development of the boy, whether it be from kilts to knee pants, from knee pants to long trousers, or from smooth face to the first touch of downy beard; and every turn carries a new sensation to the parent's heart. How often, also, has the sentence passed between father and mother as they anxiously bent over the sick child's bed: "He's just at the age when it will be hardest to lose him." But it is because the parents love best the child that is sick that they think death at that age would be the "hardest." At any age, and at all ages, from babyhood even unto manhood, the death of a child calls into the parent's heart, and the parent's heart, always on guard in the child's interest, makes prompt and grief-stricken response.

Let those whose hearts do not yet wear these scars imagine what they would do if asked to choose

one of their children whom they could best spare. There is an old story, told in homely verse, that illustrates this point well. A father and a mother had been offered a house and land, if in return from out their seven children one child should be given to the donor. Poverty seems to have pressed heavily upon that home, and seven mouths to feed brought great responsibilities. The mother suggested that they choose among the little ones as they slept; so, walking hand in hand, they surveyed the inmates of their household. First to the cradle where the baby slept; then "beside the trundle-bed, where one long ray of lamplight shed athwart the boyish faces there, in sleep so pitiful and fair"; and then from one to the other, from the first-born to the "Benjamin" of the flock, the father and mother went, declaring beside each sleeping form: "Not this one, no, not this one." Then turning even to where "poor Dick, bad Dick, the wayward son, turbulent, reckless, idle one," slept in spite of a conscience bad, they asked: "Could he be spared?" and answered: "Nay, he who gave, bade us befriend him to his grave; only a mother's heart can be patient enough for such as he." The homely verse tells us that when the tour of inspection had been concluded, "they wrote in courteous way they could not drive one child away."

There is, indeed, not one to spare, until there comes the command to which all mortals must in sorrow bow. Keen though that sorrow, large though the responsibilities which the child brought, great though the sacrifices it required, we would not, if we could, part with the sorrows, if by doing so we

must blot out the great fact that a little child came into our lives to teach us the way to love, to show us the way to live, and to tell us the way to die.

And there a little child shall lead them! There many a little child has led them. There the boasted knownothingism of the agnostic or the proud declamations of the infidel leave men helpless and hopeless, while the faith of the mothers points unerringly to the skies. There, "as the disciples found angels at the grave of him they loved, we could find them, too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing." There—even in the darkest night of death—"hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

A "STOLEN" FLOWER

OME time ago a newspaper cablegram told of the depth of grief and tenderness shown by a Paris street urchin. That cablegram follows:

"Every Sunday for three months past a little boy of twelve has been observed in a cemetery kneeling at a grave marked only by a wooden cross. One Sunday he knelt longer than usual, weeping convulsively. At last he looked about him. Near by was a richly carved tomb with fresh lilacs and other beautiful flowers on it. He gazed at the tomb several minutes, then went to it, took the greater part of the flowers, and was carrying them to the poor little grave, when he met a policeman, who asked what he was doing. The child dropped his burden in fright. On being taken to the police station, he explained in piteous fashion that three months ago he lost his brother whom he dearly loved. On looking at his grave and seeing those around all covered with flowers he thought how cold he must be and had taken the flowers to cover him."

A beautiful incident, indeed. Something like it occurred not long ago at Prospect Hill cemetery in the city of Omaha. Teddy and Lee, two little brothers, were wandering one Sabbath day among the graves of that old resting place. None of their

loved ones lay in that city of the dead, but they were, nevertheless, interested visitors to that solemn place.

Prospect Hill is filled with flowers on the Sabbath, and there was no exception to the rule on this particular occasion.

In their stroll these lads came across one little grave that was conspicuous because of the absence of any marble slab. No blossoms rested upon this little mound.

Teddy, the younger brother, a lad of perhaps seven years, hastily looking about him to see that no one was watching, slipped over to a grave that was covered with costly roses. He selected two beautiful flowers, and, holding them under his coat, crept up to the neglected little grave, and, as tenderly as a gentle woman would soothe the dying moments of her child, he placed the flowers upon the tiny mound.

The two brothers hurried away. Not a word was exchanged until they reached the street outside the cemetery grounds.

Then the younger, addressing the elder brother, said: "That wasn't stealing, was it?"

Promptly the reply came: "'Course it wasn't. Don't you 'spose that little baby had just as much right to a flower as some of them grown folks?"

It wasn't stealing, either, as every man of blood and brain will cheerfully testify.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHILDREN

NEWSPAPER dispatches said recently that under the auspices of certain educators, nursery rhymes are to be stricken from the list of things suitable for the minds of children. Some writers made vigorous protest, and in doing so spoke for the countless thousands who are not too dignified to confess membership in the free and independent order of the simple-hearted, and who do not have their heads so high in the clouds that they have failed to observe the things that have moved the world, and have moulded men and women for the world's betterment.

Why should the nursery rhyme be abolished? Because it sounds foolish to the abolitionist? Apply that rule rigidly, and there will be little left in literature but the cyclopedia, and—carried to its logical result—the rule would soon leave the cyclopedia a mass of shreds and patches.

The nursery rhyme is an essential part of a child's education, and it is indispensable to the parent who fraternizes with his offspring, and finds pleasure in the simple songs and tales that delight the child's heart. It may be defended on broad educational lines, or, so far as it interests—and instructs by interesting—the children, on literary merit, even as it may be justified by the pleasure it gives to the children, and the softening influence it has upon the character of the adult who learns it, loves it, and doesn't care to forget it.

Education does not begin with Shakespeare, nor with Browning, nor even with the alphabet. In the language of one who may be counted among the champions of the nursery rhymes: "Education begins with a mother's look, with a father's nod of approbation or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in green dells, or hills and daisy meadows; with bird's nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees and glass bee hives; with pleasant walks, with shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to Nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of kindness, and to the source of all good—to God Himself." And the nursery rhyme does all that.

The men and women of today were reared on nursery rhymes, and, after recognizing all their merits and demerits, they are really a fine lot of people. We recognize the educational principle of the nursery rhyme in the kindergarten, in the historical novel, and in the art—for it is an art—which some men and women writers have of "humanizing" animals, describing their ways, their wants, and their characteristics in stories told by the animals themselves. We may even say that the principle is recognized in poetry, for the poets who have left their imprint in politics as well as in literature are those who have written of the simple things of life, and written in a simple way, directly, as it were, from the heart of one human being to the heart of another human being.

Some men can swim as soon as they strike water, but most of us must first wade. Some instinctively turn to Browning, but most of us must be led up gradually, perhaps first drawn in that direction by coming in contact with vagabond sentences, or by having its beauties pointed out by some master hand. Men are often led to a study of literature by a speech or sermon that has presented some literary fact in a captivating way; and the historical novel has its uses, because it has often aroused the interest of its readers and prompted them to search the pertinent history—which search will, by the way, show that some of the authors of these novels take a great many liberties with history.

David Swing said that the writings of Shakespeare, of Homer, of Milton, passed into all languages, because the great thoughts of those writers belong to the human heart; that "all the thoughts of literature spring from the soul, that is, from the emotions, from the sentiments, rather than from the intellect alone"; also that literature is "nothing else than thought ornamented." That being true, the nursery rhyme is entitled to rank as literature. To be sure, it is not entirely satisfying when one has passed the age for which that literature was prepared; although even the well lettered man may yet derive, at times, great enjoyment in reading or reciting these merry jingles to little ones, just as the professor in algebra might find pleasure in unravelling the mysteries of the multiplication table to one to whom that table is yet a puzzle, or as the disciple of Byron, of Moore, of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, or of Tennyson might

find pleasure in leading the young along the paths made beautiful by the pen of humbler poets.

Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, is known the world over, and in centuries to come little children will lisp his name as that of one of the great benefactors of the human race. Froebel said: "What the child imitates, he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds, and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water, and his sympathy with fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller, and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word, let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life, and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance."

There are little boys who are required by thoughtless parents to play alone—if, indeed, their pastimes may be dignified with the name of play. But few rays of sunshine are permitted to fall into their lives. They are strangers to the children's rhymes and tales, because within their parents' souls no music dwells. When they are grown these children may amount to something so far as real service to the world is concerned, but if so it will be because, sooner or later, in spite of the efforts of their eminently practical parents, they have learned that "Whatever mine ears can hear, whatever mine eyes can see, in Nature so bright with beauty and light, has a message of love for me!"—and that, by the way, is one of these nursery rhymes which are to be barred.

The imagination of the child must be awakened. The nursery rhyme operates upon the little one as sunshine acts upon the plant—"In the heart of a seed, buried deep, so deep, a dear little plant lay fast asleep. 'Wake!' said the sunshine, 'and creep to the light.' 'Wake!' said the voice of the raindrops bright. The little plant heard, and it rose to see what the wonderful outside world might be." And that is another of the rhymes that are to be barred from the men and women of the future!

Some of the simplest verses have drawn the children's attention to eternal facts. There are some unobserving men who do not know that one particular little star seems to act as the moon's chief-of-staff. In a nursery rhyme the attention of children is riveted upon this fact. "Last night I looked out of my window just before I repeated my prayer, and the moon with the star close beside her was climbing high up in the air. Did God make the little star baby 'cause the moon was so lonely up there? Yes, God made the little star baby 'cause the moon was so lonely up there."

One of the prettiest thoughts relates to the similarity between the color of the sky and the color of the violet, and is conveyed in homely nursery verse: "I know, blue, modest violet, gleaming at dewy morn, I know the place you came from, and the way that you were born; when God cut the holes in the heavens, to let the stars shine through, He let the scraps fall down to earth, and those little scraps were you."

There are many grown men and women who could learn valuable lessons by a study of these

nursery rhymes. They cultivate sweet thoughts the hearts of the little ones, and inspire them to good purpose. How would we instruct the little one in love, in duty, and in courage in better form than is given in the nursery rhyme: "Oh, Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true, I wish all were like you; so ready for duty in all sorts of weather and showing forth courage and beauty together." Or, as in that other nursery rhyme: "Come, my love, and do not spurn from a little flower to learn. Let your temper be as sweet as the lily at your feet; be as gentle, be as mild, be a modest, simple child."

How would we tell of purity, of generosity, and of service in better form than:

The red rose says: "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids: "Be pure;"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."
The violet whispers: "give,
Nor grudge, nor count the cost."
The woodbine, "keep on blossoming,
In spite of chill and frost."

How would we admonish contentment in better way than:

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

One of the prettiest stories told to the children is entitled, "To whom shall we give thanks?" The author was so impractical that he undertook to give thought and voice to many inanimate things. It is related that a little boy quenched his raging thirst at

a pump, and then gracefully raising his cap, thanked "Mr. Pump"; but the pump disclaimed the credit, and said that he only helped the water run. Then the little boy offered thanks to "Cold Water"; but "Cold Water" disclaimed the credit, saying that the spring on the hillside sent him forth. The boy said that then he'd thank the spring; but the spring in turn disclaimed the credit, saying that it could do nothing without the dew and rain. The boy said he'd thank the dew and rain, but they also declined to accept the honor, and said that without the sun they were powerless. Then the boy turned to the sun and offered "ten thousand thanks"; but the sun "with blushing face," admonished the little fellow not to thank him, because he drew the draught from the ocean's mighty stores. Then turning to the ocean the boy offered thanks, but the ocean echoed back "No thanks to me," adding:

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go give thy thanks, my little boy—
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for Thy gift,
Thou art the giver of all good."

These men who object to the nursery rhyme will soon object to "baby talk," and then to coddling, and then to playthings; and then instead of a lot of bright-faced, happy children, we will have an assortment of dressed-up, intellectual midgets, who will want to talk to us of "the profoundness of profundity," when we would prefer to have them tell us

about "Onery, orry, ickery, Ann; Fillison, Follison, Nicholas, John"; and finally there will be no love and no life for the baby, no life and no love for the parent, and no fun for anyone other than the solemn owls who seem to obtain pleasure only by denying it to others.

Long ago we read: "The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men." This sentence was once forcefully called to my mind. At a private picnic party, perhaps seventy-five people—among them many children—were gathered. In the party was a man of wide experience, of great activity and of recognized ability. When luncheon was spread he was invited to take the place of honor at the head of the snowy cloth spread on the green grass. I have heard that man deliver speeches that swayed multitudes, but I was never so impressed at once with his greatness and his simplicity as I was by an act of his on that occasion. Looking around the gathering, he asked: "Do you remember the little verse in which we gave thanks at our last picnic?" Many children, and some of the grown folks, responded in the affirmative. It was one of the prettiest sights imaginable when, with bowed heads, the men, women and children joined with this big, powerful man in repeating the simple words:

God is great, and God is good,
And we thank Him for this food.
By His hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS

IT WAS a little pansy, faded and crushed between the well creased folds of a letter. But it came as a message of love from dear ones dead and gone, as an echo of the long ago; it was a reminder of boyhood days, a souvenir plucked from soil made sacred by memories of the loved and lost.

A sweet-faced girl of the "seventies," now the mother of a daughter of her own, had visited the old home where many little ones had spent their happiest days; to several of the now grown-up "boys" she wrote: "I went to Grandma's—now owned by strangers—and had a drink out of the well. Seeing the old place made me think of you, so I gathered a few flowers to send to you, but they are so wilted this morning I will just enclose a sample."

A very welcome "sample," indeed! And how appropriate that a little pansy, "purple with love's wound," should serve as a messenger to make the call to Dreamland, prompting the soliloquy: "This is the place. Stand still, my steed—let me review the scene, and summon from the shadowy past the forms that once have been."

The Pansy! "That's for thoughts." Aye, and tender thoughts they are!

"I send thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the sons of light;

And if in recollection lives regret
For wasted days, and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the 'pansy freaked with jet'
Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought."

It is not a wild guess that if one who, like Sam Jones, "don't care much for theology or botany, but loves religion and flowers," were asked to name his favorite blossom, he would answer in the words of a woman who knew:

"Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things."

Just how the name of "the heart's-ease" or "pansy" happened to be given this little flower is a matter for the imagination.

"Heart's-ease! One could look for half a day
Upon this little flower, and shape in fancy out
Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,
That gave this gentle name."

Miss Deas, in her interesting little book called "Flower Favorites," says: "From old Parson Herrick we gather that in his day the pansies were among the sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers that went to compose the bridal nosegay, and in his quaint way he relates how once pansies were 'frolic virgins who, for want of sweethearts, ran mad and died,' whereupon

"'Love, in pity of their tears
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours
Gave them heart's-ease turned to flowers.'"

A German legend is to the effect that once upon a time the pansy had a delightful perfume; that, growing in cultivated fields and sought after both on account of its scent and supposed healing properties, the corn and vegetables were in consequence being continually trampled and destroyed. Now this so grieved the tender hearted flower that it prayed to the holy trinity to take away from it its perfume. The prayer was granted, and from that time the pansy is known as Dreifaltigkeit's Blume, or "Flower of the Trinity."

Primarily the name "heart's-ease" belonged to the wall flower. That it should have been transferred as an alias to the pansy is explained by Miss Deas on the ground that at one time both these flowers were comprehended among the violet tribes.

The pansy has a greater variety of names than any other flower. We know it commonly as "pansy," and occasionally as "heart's-ease," but Miss Deas tells us that among other names by which it is known, are "The Lady's Flower," "The Bird's Eye," "Pink of my John," "Kit-Run-the-Street," "Flamy," "Cull-Me," or "Call-Me," "Seed Pansy," "Horse Pansy"—horse signifying as a prefix simply large. Nursery tradition sees in the center of the pansy a little woman, and in some parts of England it is known as "Three-Pretty-Faces-Under-One-Hood." In the north of England it is sometimes called "Stepmother." In Germany it is frequently

styled "Stiefmutterchen," and in some parts of Germany the yellow species is called "Schwagerin," or "Sister-in-Law," typifying jealousy. In some parts of the Rhineland the people give this little floral favorite the fond name—in Bavaria bestowed upon the honey-suckle—Jelanger-je-lieber, "the longer, the dearer."

Though the simplest of flowers, the pansy is famous in song and story. Shakespeare called it "Love in Idleness." Leigh Hunt styled it "the Garden's Gem." Ouseley called it "the Angel of the Flowers," saying: "The beauteous pansies rise in purple, gold, and blue, with tints of rainbow hue, mocking the sunset skies."

In George Chapman's "All Fools" this dialogue appears:

Cornelia—"What flowers are these?"

Gazetta—"The pansy this."

Cornelia—"Oh, that's for lovers' thoughts."

Milton wrote of the "pansy freaked with jet," and called it one of the flowers that "sad embroidery wears," naming it among those he would have the valleys produce in order to cover the hearse of Lycid.

Tennyson gave the pansy some attention in his "Gardener's Daughter," and Bret Harte wrote in "The Mountain Heart's-Ease":

"By scattered rocks and turbid waters shining,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell.

"The delicate thought that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air."

Swinburne paid a tribute to this little flower when he wrote: "Heart's-ease or pansy, pleasure or thought, which would the picture give us of these? Surely the heart that conceived it sought heart's-ease."

Robert Buchanan boasted of "Hugh Sutherland's Pansies," telling how they grew:

> "From blue to deeper blue, in midst of each
> A golden dazzle like a glimmering star,
> Each broader, bigger than a silver crown;
> While here the weaver sat, his labor done,
> Watching his azure pets and rearing them,
> Until they seemed to know his step and touch,
> And stir beneath his smile like living things;
> The very sunshine loved them, and would lie
> Here happy, coming early, lingering late
> Because they were so fair."

The pansy was not unknown to Shakespeare, and in Hamlet he makes Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers, say: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts;" Laertes remarking: "A document in madness—thoughts and remembrance fitted."

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" Oberon, the fairy king, sends Puck, his favorite page, in search of "the little western flower," in order that he may drop the blossoms' liquor as a love-philtre on the closed eyes of Titania, his queen. The king, addressing his page, says:

> That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league."

The pansy figures even in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Christiana and her children, entering the Valley of Humiliation, espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. "The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance, and as he sat by himself, he sung. 'Hark,' said Mr. Great-Heart, 'to what the shepherd's boy saith.' So they hearkened, and he said:

"'He that is down needs fear no fall; he that is low no pride; he that is humble, ever shall have God to be his guide.

"'I am content with what I have, little be it or much; and, Lord, contentment still I crave, because thou savest such.

"'Fullness to such a burden is, that go on pilgrimage; here little, and hereafter bliss, is best from age to age.'

Then said the guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears

more of that herb called "heart's-ease" in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.' "

The pansy emblemizes the "content that is our best having." Many of those who were boys and girls thirty or forty years ago will remember a little story that appeared in one of McGuffey's readers; it is a story that might well be read and re-read to the children of today. It is related that one bright June morning the king paid a visit to his garden, and found there many complaints and great grief. The king made inquiries of a number of flowers as to the reason for their sadness. Discontent was the lot of all save one. The rose, ungrateful for its own great beauty and fragrance, was sad because it was not like one of its neighbors. Another flower was sad because it was not a rose. The apple tree was sad because it could not bear peaches, the peach tree because it could not bear pears. After the king had made his way through the garden and listened to complaint after complaint, he came to the little pansy, every line of whose calm, sweet face spoke of contentment. "Why are you so happy while all the rest are sad?" asked the king. The pansy replied: "Dear king, I am happy because I know you wish me to be only a little pansy; and I am trying to be the best little pansy that I can."

The most important lesson for the children of today may be learned beside the pansy bed.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE

A WESTERN newspaper recently printed the following:

"A gentleman traveling through the western part of the state a few days ago stopped off to look at a piece of land that was offered for sale at a bargain. In going to the place it was necessary to cross a tract where the prairie dogs lived. His companion had a target rifle, and requested him to take a shot at one of the little animals. He did so with deadly result, and to the great disturbance of his own peace of mind. The wounded beast barely had strength to crawl into its den probably to suffer and die. 'Thinking it over afterward,' said the gentleman, and he was a gentleman through and through, 'I couldn't figure out where I had profited by taking the life of one of God's happy creatures, and I made up my mind then and there never to be guilty of such wanton cruelty again. Even a prairie dog has a right to live.'"

This is one place where figures won't lie. The best mathematician in all the world could not figure out where any man profits by the needless destruction of life. It is one of the good signs of the times that men are thinking more and more these days on such subjects, and that there is a growing disposition to recognize that "even a prairie dog has a

right to live." Boys having concern for their standing don't tie tin cans on dogs' tails these days; and those who do readily discover that that is one of the offenses not condoned under the "boys will be boys" rule.

There are some who, coming in such stern contact with the miseries of men, are disposed to look lightly upon the efforts of the humane society and kindred organizations, contending that a more important work relates to the immediate wants of men rather than of birds and beasts. But organizations like the humane society are doing a very necessary work in the education and the making of men. Every man whose interest has been enlisted in the humane society's work, may be depended upon to do valiant service for humanity. Every child who has been impressed with the fact that it is wicked to destroy a nest, or to inflict injury upon birds or beasts, has been made familiar with the paths that lead to that ever increasing circle of men and women where "I am my brother's keeper" is the alpha and the omega of the ritual.

Macaulay told us "The Puritan hated bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." But today those who protest against the pigeon shoot, the docking of the horse's tail, the high check rein, the needless slaughter of birds or beasts, or "any other detested sport that owes its pleasure to another's pain" recognize not only the injury to the spectator, but the rights of the dumb creature. The fine character created by Charles Reade gave to the men of his time and to the men of all time an excellent rule in "Put Yourself in His Place."

It is difficult to know just where to draw the line, and the conscience of each individual must determine. Some may not yet be willing to go quite so far as the man who, though passionately fond of fishing, found it difficult to obtain his own consent to run a sharp pointed hook through a beautiful minnow. When his companions laughed at him and told him that it did not hurt the minnow, he asked, "Then what makes the little thing squirm?" Many yet hold that the high check rein is not cruel, but those who have carefully investigated know better; and while on some of these points there will be differences, sooner or later it will be agreed that man's right to destroy animal life terminates with his necessities for food, and that he cannot find justification for the destruction of such life in the desire for sport.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and it is an interesting study, too. Because this is so it is strange that there are not more students in that school. Those who have not availed themselves of the privilege of such study have no idea what a wonderfully interesting thing it is. They can learn so many things they never dreamed of before. And once they enter upon the study of men, they will naturally be drawn at the first opportunity to the study of birds and of beasts. In that realm are limitless opportunities. In simple fiction we may obtain inspiration for the study of the horse from "Black Beauty," and for the study of the dog from "Beautiful Joe." John Burroughs can tell us facts we never dreamed of, and yet they are facts lying at our very doors and providing, as do all of

Nature's studies, profitable and interesting investigation.

Men disagree as to whether these dumb creatures reason, yet there are many well authenticated tales showing some wonderfully human conduct on the part of these creatures. We are told by "Farm Folks" that "on the top of a steep pinnacle of the Alps mountains, surrounded by the dead white of the eternal snows through which an occasional clump of evergreen protrudes, is a grave marked by a simple wooden tablet on which these words are carved: 'Here lies a friend of humanity, the savior of thirty-four men, women and children.' The creature to whom this monument was erected was only a dog. He was one of those great, handsome, gentle-eyed Saint Bernards which trail the dangerous paths of the treacherous mountains, watching for the lost traveler and bringing him to safety when found."

A New Orleans newspaper recently quoted a police officer who said that all the stray dogs who roam the streets at night seem to pick out the uniformed policemen as their friends, and that when the officers return to the station they are accompanied by a long procession of dogs of various degrees. Another and older officer said that he did not see any grounds for objection on this point, because he remembered an instance where two dogs which made it a habit to follow the same policeman every night, saved that police officer his job. According to the story, this policeman was not in the least bothered with insomnia, and when he got ready to take his nap on his beat two dogs would take up their positions one at one end of the block, and one at the

other. Whenever one of the dogs saw the sergeant coming he would run to the sleeping officer and rub his cold nose against the officer's face, arousing him from his sleep, and thus warning him of the approach of his superior.

One of my neighbors was not prepared to welcome a dog to his home, but he finally did so, and now no money could purchase that particular animal; and thereby hangs a tale. One day two dogs appeared at this gentleman's house. One of them, a large animal, had been seriously crippled in the back. The other was a little, short-legged creature, and not at all attractive to the eye. The crippled animal hid himself under the house, and whenever the little dog was fed it was noticed that instead of eating the food he disappeared with it. He was followed several times, and on each occasion was seen to carry the food under the house, place it before the crippled animal, and stand wagging his tail as though grateful for the opportunity of doing that kindness. In a few days the two dogs disappeared. Several days later, the smaller dog returned and took up his home on the premises. His very appearance suggested the name he now bears, "Scrubby," but there is nothing of the scrub in his characteristics. Because of the kindness he showed to his crippled companion, he found an appreciative master and a comfortable home. It is needless to say that he has found friends in the neighborhood among all who have learned his interesting story.

It was a good sign, when, despite the President's great popularity, many criticisms were made when it was reported that he had participated in

a hunt where animals had been captured and locked in a cage to be suddenly released in order that a chase might be made. And it was another good sign when many newspapers criticized a former President because in one of his newspaper articles he told of the great delight to be found in the chase for jack-rabbits, admitting at the same time that it was necessary for the chasers to take great pains to persuade these little animals to flee from their pursuers.

A police officer in a western city was famous for his tenderness. He had been known to weep at the sight of a man whose skull had been fractured by a police officer's club, and he had shown what seemed to be—at least on the part of a police officer—undignified concern over an injury inflicted upon a dog. Some of his fellow officers good-naturedly gibed him on his tender spot, and one of his superiors never lost an opportunity to taunt him. There was no tender spot in this superior's breast. He could stand the sight of blood on man or on beast. The pain which others felt did not disturb him. But on one occasion it happened that this tender-hearted man accompanied this particular superior on a search for a pair of desperate criminals. The criminals were found, and they showed fight. The man who had been laughed at because of his tenderness, who had been sneered at because of his tears at the sight of another's woe, stood his ground manfully, risked his own life, and with the aid of citizens whom he called to his support, arrested both of the desperate men after being required to severely wound one of them. The superior—the man who had so often laughed his

subordinate to scorn because of his "weakness"—took to his heels at the first shot, and ran like a scared wolf. History is replete with instances showing that "cowards are cruel but the brave love mercy and delight to save."

"Nature teaches beasts to know their friends." Have you ever noticed that there is an affinity between the boy and the dog? Turn loose a little child and a little dog—or for that matter an old dog—and see how soon they'll get together. On one occasion a man holding in his lap a puppy dog took a seat in a crowded street car. Beside him sat a woman, and beside the woman a little boy. Leaning forward, the boy caught sight of the dog, and at the same time the dog caught sight of the boy. In the parlance of the street, "there was something doing." The little boy's eyes sparkled and the little dog's tail wagged. The man found great difficulty in holding the animal and in order to prevent it from creating a commotion he found it necessary to pass it over to the boy in whose lap the little animal nestled and was content.

One of the busiest lawyers in a western city was generally regarded as a cross and crabbed man. He was a bachelor, and it was noticed—and to his credit it was said—that he had the habit when walking down the street of stopping to rub the noses and pat the necks of the horses attached to the hacks standing in front of hotels. Some who would not be willing to give the devil his due, said that he only did that because it cost nothing, and by way of extenuation of his other meannesses. But finally it leaked out—not with this man's consent, however

—that as he had shown kindness to the hack horses he had shown kindness to men and women and little children who were helpless and needed friends. It developed that, unknown to the world, and known only to a few, he had regularly and quietly dispensed charity in a most liberal way.

Men who keep their hearts young find pleasure in dwelling on life's simple things. All may not be profound and if we could we would be so busy maintaining our dignity that we would miss the best part of this really good old world. But we may all learn from association with children; we may be of great service in giving a word of cheer to some faltering comrade; we may obtain a wonderful amount of pleasure in doing a kind turn to some abandoned cur, receiving our reward in a hearty wag of the cur's tail like unto that for which the old German said he wouldn't take a thousand dollars.

Most of us are too dignified to repeat, but some of us are simple-hearted enough to remember, one of the sweetest lessons of childhood conveyed in homely verse: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, help to make earth happy like the heaven above."

The easiest thing in the world is to train a child so that it will be considerate of the rights of birds and beasts, and a child trained in that way is safe. When he is grown he will be considerate of the rights of men. He will learn that the essence of the law is to "deal honestly, hurt nobody, (and no thing) and give every one (and every thing) his just due." When he learns to fulfill that law as it relates to the

smallest and most helpless of God's creatures he will lose no opportunity to become as a ministering angel to human beings in need.

These are the foundations of peace; for if the schoolboy of today is trained to speak softly and carry an olive branch instead of a "big stick," the statesman of tomorrow will be more reluctant to engage in war and more willing to assist in the restoration of order.

PORTSMOUTH AND SAN FRANCISCO

THE civilized world was kneeling at the shrine of peace when, on September 5, 1905, a treaty terminating the war between Russia and Japan was signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The president of the United States, who had done so much to bring about the desirable result, was complimented for his efforts by men of all nations and by men of all parties, while the representatives of the contending governments were congratulated upon the "give and take" disposition characterizing their deliberations. In counting room and in workshop, on farm and in the highways, men talked of peace with almost religious fervor until it seemed as though a benediction had suddenly rested upon the whole world. Many thoughtful men predicted that the signing of the treaty at Portsmouth was the beginning of the end of the rule of force, and that the conflict in the far East would prove to have been the last war between great nations.

Five days after the signing of the Portsmouth treaty conspicuous place in the daily newspapers was given to the report of what was known as "one of the greatest prize fights in history." The newspapers gave that report first place because newspaper editors knew their readers demanded it. Would it not be well if the same public sentiment which had so much to do with forcing a settlement between Russia and Japan could be crystalized against

brutality and force, whether engaged in by nations or by individuals?

Those who have believed that the prize fight was going out of favor were doubtless greatly discouraged by the report of the affair that took place at Colma, a suburb of San Francisco. As some of the correspondents told us, it was a "bloody battle." Every one of the eighteen rounds was characterized by the hardest kind of fighting, and the record of the eighteenth—and last—round showed "Nelson shot his left and right to Britt's jaw like a flash. Britt went down like a log, gasping for breath, and with blood coming from his mouth and nose. The fatal seconds were counted out by Timekeeper Harting. At the call of ten Britt made a feeble effort to rise, but immediately fell back, utterly defeated."

And then we were told:

> Instantly the crowd, surging in great waves from all sides, broke the ropes and swept into the ring. There were no police at Colma, and the few scattered deputy sheriffs were powerless. Britt and his seconds were hauled in a dozen directions by crazy sympathizers. A few intelligent men tried to drive the crowd away, and there were a half dozen free fights in the battle-maddened crowd.

A magnificent description, indeed, of a magnificent scene enacted among a people whose boast is that they are leaders in the arts of peace! So great was the interest in this affair that the gate receipts

amounted to $70,000. All over the United States great crowds were collected around the bulletin boards in the large cities, and in many of the smaller towns, awaiting the news of the result of this brutal contest.

The discouraging thing about it is that in so-called "sporting circles" the opinion is freely expressed that this contest, "eminently successful" as it was, has revived new interest in the "manly art," and that we may expect many similar entertainments in the near future.

It is true there are many intelligent and gentle men who frequently take advantage of the opportunity to witness one of these contests, and it is also true—as will be testified by any one who has been an observer on such occasions—that a contest of this character would prove entertaining to the average man, whatever his occupation in life might be. There is in every one of us a bit of the animal. The apology given by the intelligent man who habitually attends prize fights and defends them is that the participants do not really suffer, that they go into it expecting to receive punishment, and that they are mere brutes who engage in that sport largely for gain, and are therefore entitled to no sympathy. The answer of the man who has witnessed prize fights and is opposed to them, is that the worst feature is the effect such contests have upon the observers. It would stir the worst in the best of men to see these well trained brutes, with hardened muscles, give and take blows, dodging one here and withstanding one there. Even the sight of blood as it is drawn in every one of these contests, does not

disturb the observer once the brute within him has been thoroughly awakened and advances to meet the brute within the fighters in the ring.

This point may be well illustrated by an incident that occurred a few years ago in a western city. There had been in that city a number of prize fights under the guise of "boxing contests." When it was announced that a particularly interesting "boxing contest" would take place, the editor of one of the daily newspapers decided to make a test of the character of these affairs, and of their effect upon individuals who had never seen a prize fight and were utterly opposed to them. Seven gentlemen were invited to accompany this editor to that particular battle. Every one of these gentlemen was asked in advance whether he opposed prize fighting. They all condemned it vigorously, and said it should be prohibited. Not one of them had ever witnessed either a real prize fight or a boxing contest of the mildest order. Some were so opposed to prize fighting that they did not readily consent to go, but they were told that they would be given the privilege of publishing over their own signatures whatever they desired to say with respect to their experiences and as to their conclusions. With this understanding they consented to witness the affair. Two of these gentlemen were among the city's ablest lawyers; one was a successful druggist; two were physicians; another was a general merchant, and another was a clerk.

It happened that this contest was between a negro and a white man. The remarks of the members of this little party while on their way to the ringsid

were particularly interesting. Every one of them was confident he would be so thoroughly disgusted that he could not remain to the finish. Every one said he wanted the negro to win, because any white man who would engage in a fight with a negro ought to be whipped.

To the editor who acted the host on this occasion the best part of the show was in the faces and the general conduct of his guests. In the very beginning the black man landed a savage blow upon the white man's nose, drawing blood. One of the lawyers, who had been particularly insistent that he was anxious for the black man to win, jumped to his feet the moment this blow was given, and at the top of his voice, shrieked: "Go at him, white man! Give it to him hard!" It required a few more blows between the fighters for the other members of the party to become aroused, but every one of them was aroused, and when the battle was thoroughly in progress they were all screaming at the top of their voices. Some of them were mounted on chairs, giving words of encouragement to the white fighter and yelling with delight whenever he landed a blow upon his black antagonist. Their enthusiasm was not lessened when blood began to flow freely. Gentle men and gentlemen, every one of them, they were witnesses to a struggle of force between human beings. Their race prejudice had been aroused, and their sympathies had been enlisted on the side of the member of their own race; but even beyond all that their interest was thoroughly centered upon a struggle for supremacy between two strong men. The more blows that landed, the better were they

suited. The more blood that flowed, the better were they pleased. The brute within them—as within all men, sleeping but never dead—had been aroused. Blows and blood were the order of the day. Love had abdicated its throne in their hearts, and force reigned thereon as supreme as it did within the center of that bloody ring.

These men were not, however, conspicuous because of their conduct. The whole mass of men gathered at that ringside were engaged in the same manifestations of delight whenever a favorite fighter won a point or drew blood; they were all engaged in giving encouragement to the bloody bruisers each to do his worst to the other, and when finally the white man won by a mere scratch, knocking his opponent senseless upon the hard pavement of the ring, among all the men cheering and screaming with delight none seemed more earnest or enthusiastic than those men who had for the first time witnessed a prize fight and who, in their normal mood, were opposed to the system.

When the lights went out and "the captains and the kings" departed, these men returned to the newspaper office, and wrote of their experiences. The normal man within them resumed control, and they wrote frankly. Every one of these men declared that he was more than ever opposed to prize fighting. They had learned through personal experience the terrible effects which one of these contests has upon the observers, and they had come to know —what theretofore they had only believed—that the sport that has so long sought to pass for "manly art" belongs to the bloody ages rather than to the

civilized years. They had learned—what they had theretofore only suspected—that these brutal contests cause men to lose ground which they must recover, and stir within the breasts of the witnesses the very elements which Christ came to suppress.

We have been treated to many absurdities in connection with these affairs. Not long ago one of these valiant brutes, who had whipped to a finish his opponent, ran across the ring and throwing his arms affectionately around his opponent's neck, planted several kisses upon his cheek. And the newspaper dispatches were filled with praise because of this display of "affection for a fallen foe!" God save the mark! And one of the most abominable of the many disgusting things that have associated themselves in newspaper dispatches with the affairs of these bruisers was when it was printed all over the world that the father of a fighter who had just won the battle which entitled him to the championship was a clergyman. It was said that when this father received the news of the victory he declared that he knew that his boy would win because he had prayed that victory might come to him! In the history of the world many efforts have been made to put the God of Battles to an unholy use, but that was about the worst of all the abominable efforts in that line that have, so far, been made.

If men are to be restrained, children must be trained. If the world is to be educated, the process must not begin upon the brink of the grave; it must begin with the cradle—and, indeed, so far as future generations are concerned, it must begin long prior to the cradle. Children must be taught that men

must not strike one another—either in the individual or the national capacity—except the blow be unavoidable. Those who would encourage nations to keep peace, must restrain individuals from force. Particularly in our own land, when we set ourselves up as leaders of the world's thought, as foremost in the labors of love, and in the establishment of peace, we must see to it that our national pretenses are not inconsistent with our individual life. We must make it known that while our statesmen are prompted to aid in the discouragement of war among all nations tempted to engage in it, our policemen are required to preserve order among all individuals who would destroy it.

When the children of today are taught to abhor force in all its forms, the men of tomorrow will not gather at the ringside to give encouragement to lawlessness. When the children are taught that love must rule in the hearts of men, love will rule in the councils of nations. The agreement between Russia and Japan was written upon parchment, and it is effective so far as concerns that particular contest; but the greatest of all peace treaties—the peace treaty that will be effective for all people and for all times—is to be written in letters of love upon the hearts of the rising generation. The signs of the times are that parents are giving more consideration to thoughts of this character than ever before in the history of the world. Kindness to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, consideration for one's fellows, love and sympathy for all men—these are the things to be cultivated in the building

of a perpetual peace for all the world. When these things are taught in the nursery, and talked of in the counting room and in the workshop, "the sweet birds from the south will build their nests in the cannon's mouth; and the only sounds from its rusty throat will be the wren's or the blue-bird's note."

WHEN THE "MASTER" KNOCKS

EDMUND J. JAMES, president of the University of Illinois, rendered a distinct service to society when, in his baccalaureate address, he paid his respects to John J. Ingalls' famous poem, saying: "I do not believe that there is an equal number of beautiful lines in the English language, which contain more unmitigated nonsense than Ingalls' 'Opportunity.'" President James told the graduating class that opportunities come in "a never-ending procession." As a result of his protest Ingalls' verse has been widely discussed. The discussion will be helpful because of the necessity for stamping out the disposition to look on the dark side of things.

The lines to which President James referred follow:

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more."

Although for years these lines have been made conspicuous in every publication of Mr. Ingalls' writings, it is claimed by some of his friends that he never intended the verse to be taken seriously.

But it would not be difficult to believe that the talented Ingalls meant what he wrote when he gave these beautiful lines to the world. He was not the only one in his time, prior to his time, and since his time, who has taken the gloomy view that there is a "master of human destinies," who knocks but once at every gate, and forever after turns a deaf ear to those who then failed to heed him. A greater than Ingalls took a mighty gloomy view when he wrote: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries; and we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures." Also: "Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered, shall never find it more."

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, Mr. Dooley framed a companion piece for the Ingalls classic when he wrote: "Opporchunity knocks at ivery man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' thin it goes in, an' aftherward it wurrks f'r him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it knocks an' runs away, an' on th' dures of some men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits thim over th' head with an ax. But ivery wan has an opporchunity."

The "one time and out" idea on the opportunity question has been all too persistently cultivated. Neither is it difficult of cultivation in this day of

conspiracies in restraint of trade and conspiracies against the lives of men. Now that man-made law would relegate to idleness and obscurity the man who has reached his fortieth year, it would not be strange if the Ingalls verse should appeal to the man who, although at the very threshold of life, finds his way to livelihood barred by the absurd decree of a system that treats man as a lemon to be squeezed and thrown away. But this man-made law cannot long prevail if the greed and dishonesty to which it owes its origin are frowned upon by intelligent men, and the system by which it is enforced is stamped out of existence.

In the meantime, the efforts of men and women who understand that they owe a duty to society can not be employed to better purpose than in an effort to persuade men to remember that the sun is ever shining behind the clouds.

It was Robert Bruce who, resting in a ruined hut in the forest, and considering whether he should continue the strife to maintain his right to the Scottish throne, obtained inspiration from a spider. The spider was trying to fix its web on the rafters, and was swinging itself from one eave to another. It had tried six times to reach one place, and failed. Suddenly the thought struck Bruce, "I have fought six times against the enemies of my country." He resolved that he would be guided by the failure or success of the little insect. The next effort of the spider was successful, and Bruce then determined that he would make the seventh attempt to free his country.

The most inspiring tales are those that have not been written; the most heroic deeds are those that have not been told; the world's greatest successes have been won in the quiet of men's hearts; the noblest heroes are the countless thousands who have struggled and triumphed, rising on "stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

What is opportunity? It is life. In the language of Bishop Spalding: "Our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country, our language, our business, our profession—the people who love us and those who hate, they who help and they who oppose—what is all this but opportunity?"

What is opportunity? Ask who wrote the classic bearing that title and you will be told that it was the work of the talented Ingalls, who represented Kansas in the United States senate. But who can tell the author of that little verse: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again?" Yet the one who gave that fine note to the music of the world rendered service greater than any given by Ingalls; for where the author of "Opportunity" killed hope, the author of "Try, try again" revived it; where the one stood for the doctrine of death, the other stood for the gospel of life; where the one who believed that opportunity knocks and flees wrote a classic that, while adding to his fame in literary circles, contributed to the world's woes, the other penned a homely verse that gives hope and courage to the sons of men—a verse that has inspired the children of many generations, and yet lives in service to the world.

What is opportunity? Bishop Spalding says: "We find ourselves where we seek ourselves—in matter or in mind, in the low world of mere sensation and base desire, or in that where souls are transfigured by truth and love. Nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress, and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated; and if we learn to live with all that is fairest, and purest, and best, the love of it will in the end become our very life."

What is opportunity? Some one has said: "Occasion may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of the bugle can never make soldiers or win battles," and the man who makes the soldier and wins the battle of life, follows the example of Andrew Jackson, who was known as "the boy who would never stay throwed."

What is opportunity? In a story of Chinese life, we are told that a Chinese student was attracted to the efforts of a woman who was trying to make a needle from a rod of iron, by rubbing the rod against a stone. This so encouraged the student that wedding patience and energy he became one of China's greatest scholars.

What is opportunity? Michael Davitt, one of the world's greatest figures, died recently. In all his life he had never known what real comfort was. So far as money was concerned, he was born poor and died poor. As a lad he saw his widowed mother evicted from her small holding. At the age of ten, he lost his arm in a cotton machine while earning a livelihood for his mother and her family. At the age of twenty he joined the Fenian movement, and

for his activity therein was, at the age of twenty-four, sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. After seven years of imprisonment, during which he was treated to all manner of indignities, he was released, and began the work which culminated in the organization of the Irish Land League. At various times he suffered imprisonment. As one writer says: "Every moment of his life was devoted to the redemption of his people, to their material and intellectual advancement, and through years of painful suffering, imprisonment, contumely and degradation he wrought courageously, unceasingly, for the creating of better conditions in the storied land that was the idol of his hopes and dreams."

Where was Michael Davitt's opportunity? When did he grasp it? How did he realize upon it? His whole life was one of service to his fellows, and sacrifice to their cause, and when he died he left a will concluding in these words:

> "My diaries are not to be published as such, and in no instance without my wife's permission; but on no account must anything harsh or censorious written in said diaries by me about any person, dead or alive, who has ever worked for Ireland, be printed, published, or used so as to give pain to any friend or relative. To all my friends I leave kind thoughts; to my enemies the fullest possible forgiveness, and to Ireland the undying prayer for the absolute freedom and independence which it was my life's ambition to try and obtain for her."

Surely "opportunity" fairly battered down Michael Davitt's doors, so anxious was it to be grasped by that faithful soldier of liberty. No need to say that with all its sorrows, its privations, and its sacrifices, Davitt's life was a success; and no wonder that when he died men of every race and creed paid loving tribute to his memory. It was eminently fitting that this man, who lived for his fellows, should die with a message to love and to liberty upon his lips; to his friends, kind thoughts—to his enemies, forgiveness—to his country, independence! What a bountiful bequest, and what a precious legacy! Dying as he had lived that testator seized his opportunity. During all his career he seemed destined to give where others seemed destined to receive. Service was his heritage—even as it is the heritage of all who would win from life its greatest prize.

"Rose-wearer and rose-giver,
We meet them both today;
One gathers joy, one scatters it,
Along the trodden way.
Which are you, little maiden?
The flower-crowned lass is fair,
But the one who scatters roses
Is the one we cannot spare."

THE GREAT WHISPERING GALLERY

N THE capitol at Washington, in St. Paul's cathedral, London, and at Gloucester cathedral in England, there are domes in which the faintest sounds conveyed around the interior may be readily heard—and these are called "whispering galleries." The original "whispering gallery" was built centuries ago by Dionysius, the tyrant. It was a cavern 170 feet long, 60 feet high, and 20 to 35 feet wide. It was built so that Dionysius could hear the solitary murmurings of his prisoners, was connected by a secret passage to the tyrant's palace, and was known as the "Ear of Dionysius," because the faintest whisper of a prisoner reached his master's ear. Men will be more careful as to their thoughts and deeds when they learn to remember in every moment of their lives that this great world is a whispering gallery where the smallest thought or deed has wide-spread influence.

Richter gave us the idea when he wrote: "Words that a father speaks to his children in the privacy of home, are not heard by the world, but, as in whispering galleries, they are clearly heard at the end, and by posterity."

As with a father's words, so with the words and deeds, and even the thoughts of others. The mother's prayer, the father's counsel, the sister's tear, the friend's smile, and the brother's word of cheer, exert an influence extending far beyond

the interests of the immediate beneficiary, even "as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake; the center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, another still, and still another spreads."

Every man and woman under whose eyes these lines fall, perhaps, remembers some other man or woman, or perhaps a little child, who has exerted marked influence for good upon the life and character of another.

> "Such souls,
> Whose splendid visitations daze the world,
> Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
> The voice that in the distance far away
> Wakes the smouldering ages."

Schouler, in his history of the United States, refers to the marked influence which Washington had upon Monroe, saying: "The illustrious example of the first incumbent had become with Monroe an overpowering influence," and adding: "Even in personal looks the last Virginian, with his placid and sedate expression of face, regular features, and a grayish-blue eye, which invited confidence, had come to appear not unlike the first; so that in these years the names of Washington and Monroe became naturally coupled together."

In his address on "The Alchemy of Influence," Henry Drummond says: "Through all the range of literature, of history, and biography this law presides. Men are all mosaics of other men. There was a savour of David about Jonathan, and a savour of Jonathan about David. Jean Valjean, in the masterpiece of Victor Hugo is Bishop Bienvenu risen from the dead. Metempsychosis is a fact.

George Eliot's message to the world was that men and women make men and women."

Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was a well-bred woman who fell because of the bad environment she had adopted. As we learn from the life of "Tess," that "evil associations corrupt good manners," so from Browning's drama, "Pippa Passes," we learn of the "blessed influence of one true, loving, human soul on another."

That was a great and profitable day spent by "Pippa," the heroine of Browning's tale. Pippa was a girl employed at the silk mills in northern Italy. During the whole year she had but one holiday. It was New Year's day, and she determined to make the most of it. She did make the most of it; and from Pippa's experiences we learn, in the language of the reviewer: "There is nothing we do or say but may be big with good or evil consequences to many of our fellows of whom we know nothing. People whom we have never seen, of whose very existence we are ignorant, are affected for good or evil eternally by our lightest words and our most thoughtless actions."

In the crowded car a man looks at his watch, and immediately his neighbor does likewise.

We yawn and our neighbor yawns; we smile, and he smiles; we weep, and he is moved to tears.

The sour and surly man makes sour and surly all with whom he comes in contact, and the hearty, whole-souled cheerful fellow makes others happy.

Did you ever wait for a belated train on a rainy day in a dingy waiting room of a dingy station? Perhaps the train is several hours late. Passengers

ask surly questions of one another and the station agent, and receive surly replies. Suddenly a young girl enters with a smiling face and a cheery good-morning for all. The gloom immediately disappears; the time passes rapidly; the station is not quite so dingy as it seemed; a rainy day is not, after all, so very unpleasant—and all because of a sweet-faced, smiling girl. "The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to ceilin'."

A man who was struggling to conquer his appetite for liquor was a guest at a banquet where wine flowed freely. He was on the point of yielding to the temptation to take "a sip or two," when a man for whom he had a very poor opinion, arose to speak. This speaker had no appetite to struggle with, but he had many faults more serious than those of the man first mentioned. The speaker referred to the temptations of everyday life, and becoming somewhat personal, said: "If I could forget God at the banquet table or elsewhere, I could go to pieces very quickly." The man, with his hand upon the glass, restrained himself and avoided the fatal "sip or two." While he had all along regarded that particular speaker as a hypocrite, he gave to him the credit of saving him from a serious error.

Neither is this influence for good or evil confined to a small circle. The one who carries a smile, or wears a frown, is as choke full of contagion as a man with the measles. As the frown or smile is "caught" by another, he in turn passes it to the first person he meets, and so it goes on, and on, and on. Whether it be a vile story or a pure tale; a malicious word or a kind speech; a cruel act or a generous deed; an

idle thought or a noble sentiment—it makes itself heard in the whispering gallery of this great world of ours.

"So when a great man dies, for years beyond our ken, the light he leaves behind him, lies upon the paths of men." But "great men" does not necessarily mean famous men. It means good men; and it means particularly those men who, without fame or fortune, and unaccredited by their neighbors with genius, pursue the even tenor of their way, live the life of the ordinary man, and have yet the genius for doing right—the genius for making the world better because they have lived.

Some one has said that the tiniest sparrow lighting upon the highest twig of the most massive oak, sends a gentle shiver to the deepest root. There is a hint for the humblest of men! And as we learn the lesson of influence from the story of the sparrow, so from the literature of the children—literature very dear to some of our simple souls—we may learn of the value of the little things. The service given by the humble daisy was described by Wordsworth when, writing in a little girl's album, he said:

"Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright Creature! scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew drop from the sun."

"GOING DOWN THE VALLEY"

N AGED man lay dying one evening in a western hotel. In the office on the floor below a number of friends had congregated to await the end. Aside from those friends and the members of the family gathered at the bedside it was not generally known that in that great building a life was going out. In the parlor on the same floor on which the dying man's room was located assembled a little party, all ignorant of the important event going on within a few doors. A sweet faced girl was asked to sing. Soon the men waiting in the office below and the grief-stricken ones gathered at the bedside of the dying father and husband were listening to one of the sweetest voices ever heard singing one of the sweetest songs ever sung. The watchers heard:

> We are going down the valley one by one,
> With our faces toward the setting of the sun.
> Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows,
> Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.

Instantly every man in the office below removed his hat, and one of the watchers at the bedside opened the door a bit wider as the sweet singer gave the refrain:

> We are going down the valley, going down the valley,
> Going toward the setting of the sun;
> We are going down the valley, going down the valley,
> Going down the valley one by one.

It was plain to the persons gathered at that bedside that the dying man heard and understood the singer and the song. Plainly he was straining his ears to catch the music and the words; and plainly he succeeded, because a smile lighted up his face upon which the death damp had already gathered as the girl sang:

> We are going down the valley one by one;
> Human comrades there will you and I have none.
> But a tender hand will guide us lest we fall—
> Christ is going down the valley with us all.

As though anticipating the wish of the dying man, the watchers at the bedside, their voices trembling with emotion, sang again the last verse. As they concluded: "But a tender hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is going down the valley with us all," the watchers knew that that particular voyage was at an end; and in their heart of hearts they felt that their friend had not been unattended in his pilgrimage.

It has been written that "men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other." But children may be trained to abandon their fears of the night, which is just as much a part of natural law as the day—even as death is as much a part of divine law as birth. And "men, who are only boys grown tall, for hearts don't change much, after all," ought to outgrow these fears that, properly, have no place in the thoughts of intelligent men.

Of course it is easier to make such suggestions than to act on them; but it is reasonable to believe that the present day dread of death could be measurably reduced if men were educated by others—and by themselves—to regard it as passing through the very thin shadow separating the living from the dead?

Some will say that the way to cure these fears is pointed out in "the faith of the mothers." We know that men have been greatly strengthened by that faith when "going down the valley," but we know, too, that many men whose opinions did not lie exactly along the lines of the orthodox religion, and other men who had no fixed religious belief, have met death without a tremor. We know, also, that even among men who are firm believers, and among men who have lived eminently correct lives, the fear of death—and not alone the natural reluctance to terminate life—exists in pronounced form. Even the faith that is bred in the bone of the member of the orthodox household has not served in all cases—nor as a rule—to cure men of the fear of the summons from "over there." Because this is so men should teach one another to look upon death not as an unnatural thing, but as mere fulfillment of God's law; for "we are going down the valley one by one."

Death is no more mysterious than birth, and there need be no more of the elements of tragedy in the one than in the other. Every man who dreads not death and meets it calmly sets an example to his living fellows; and the instances—they are many—where men have without fear or

trembling closed their eyes for all time are worthy of being recalled occasionally. It would be well if the popular conception of death could be somewhat revised through frequent recitals of instances where deathbed scenes have proved an inspiration to the living witnesses.

A few days before his death a Missourian, famous as a brave officer in the Confederate army, said to his wife: "As soon as the doctor tells you I am dying, I want Lu (his daughter) to go to the piano and play 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'" When the doctor announced that death was rapidly approaching, the daughter took her seat at the instrument, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, played that fine old air as it was never played before. The dying man heard the music and recognized the sign. With a smile on his face—and faintly repeating the words: "Safe into the haven guide; O, receive my soul at last"—the fine old soldier passed down the valley.

All the world is familiar with the scenes at the death bed of William McKinley. We remember that twice after it was known that the president was dying he recovered consciousness, and on each occasion summoned his wife to the bedside, seeking in spite of his pain to comfort the distressed woman. Evidently realizing that the end was near, in one of these moments of consciousness he murmured, "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." And while the world was receding from him, and he realized that he was "going down the valley," he chanted the words of that

beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!"

The people of Nebraska are familiar with the scenes occurring at the death-bed of a man who was at one time a member of Congress. The facts as hereinafter stated are well authenticated, and it is safe to say that no more inspiring scenes were ever enacted in the very presence of the grim reaper. For, perhaps, twelve hours before his death this man was perfectly conscious of all that was going on about him. The same cheerfulness that during the days of his strong manhood endeared him to his friends characterized his dying moments. When, after a consultation of physicians, it was announced that there was no longer any hope, that fine philosophy with which he had been wont to cheer up his fellow-democrats after a political defeat, was brought into play, and he said: "We have lost the battle; but we at least have the consolation of knowing that we made a good fight."

Perhaps an hour before death came, the nurse, ascending the stairway just outside the sick chamber, stumbled, and in keeping with an old superstition, made an ejaculation.

When the nurse entered the room, the sick man said: "I see you are superstitious."

"How do you know that?" asked the nurse.

"You stubbed your toe on the stairway, and I heard what you said," replied the dying man.

Twenty minutes before this man died, he turned to a friend at the bedside, and directing his attention to a cigar stub on the dresser, said: "Give me that cigar. I am going to have another good smoke,

anyway." His friend replied: "John, you'd better have a fresh cigar," and from his own pocket he tendered the dying man an Havana which the latter proceeded to light and apparently enjoy.

For himself he seemed to have not the slightest fear. There was, unquestionably, deep anxiety on his part lest his good wife needlessly suffer; and his whole thought seemed to be to give to his sweetheart and his helpmeet, out of his own poor and all but depleted stock of strength, the courage and the vigor essential in that the most trying moment of her life. Turning to his brother at the bedside, he asked, "Jim, have you got your nerve with you?" The brother, well nigh choking with emotion, replied in the affirmative. "I'm glad of it. Hang on to it to the end; we will need it all," said the dying man.

Perhaps five minutes before he passed away, he noticed that all the windows in the room were open wide; and he noticed, too, that his wife wore no wrap. "Put on your jacket, Kate; you'll take cold," admonished the thoughtful man, who at that moment stood at the very threshold of eternity.

It is not difficult to discover that this man had some very firm convictions on the great questions affecting the future. It must be evident to every one that he was well fortified to meet and solve the secret of nature. Some of those who shared his confidences know that he did not believe that there was an extremely broad chasm between this life and the next. They know that he believed that men who die live again; and that, somehow and some way, the living who have loved and lost their beloved may enjoy the consolation of that sweet

communion by which was smoothed the sorrow of one of whom it was written: "A guardian angel o'er his life presiding, doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

And so, when he came to bid farewell to the one nearest and dearest to him, he turned to his good wife and said: "The end is drawing near, but we must not worry." And then with striking emphasis he added, "It's all right; and I'll be standing right there, Kate, waiting for you on the other shore with outstretched arms."

Some one has said: "The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes." Perhaps it was merely a coincidence, but it is, however, a fact that at the very moment when the spirit of this brave man took its flight there came a heavy peal of thunder; and as the hands were folded on the breast, a United States senator, one of the watchers at the bedside, turned to a companion and said: "It is as though the artillery of heaven were firing a salute in welcome to a superbly brave man."

Though we may call the thunder peal a mere coincidence, who will say that it was not eminently fitting that the heavens themselves should blaze forth the death of a man capable of so much love, courage, and philosophy?

KNEELING AMONG THE LILIES

HEN on Easter day we pay tribute to the risen Christ we register a protest against all forms of injustice and oppression. When we kneel among the lilies we count ourselves with the democracy which Christ came to establish among men. If we be sincere we must utter at least a brief prayer that the men and women who toil and struggle for existence may find fair recompense for their efforts—and that the influence of this day may operate even in the hearts of the trust magnates, who assume that because they monopolize the wealth of the country they are the trustees of God, divinely ordained to administer that property according to their own pleasure.

A great practical importance attaches to this day, and the reason for, and the manner of its celebration. Nature has been bountiful, yet, because of the greed of a few powerful men, the students of government are confronted with the serious problem of devising ways and means for the distribution of that bounty, at least to the extent that the many may live in comfort even though the few flourish in luxury.

It has been written that "If the tender, profound and sympathizing love practiced and recommended by Jesus were paramount in every heart, the loftiest and most glorious idea of human society would be realized, and little be wanted to make this world a kingdom of heaven." It does not seem possible for

that profound love to become paramount in every heart; yet those who are willing to "live and let live" will undertake to approach for themselves, as nearly as possible, that high aspiration; it will be no less their duty to bring influence, through just and wholesome laws of restraint, against men who recognize no other law than their own in the accumulation of property, and in the contemplation of the rights of others.

It will be no easy task to preserve Easter and similar days in a land where the many sow while the few reap; and those prelates who refrain from crying out against the accumulation of wealth through unjust laws may yet learn that it is a difficult task to preach of the risen Christ to hungry men and women and to naked children. There are men who hold no particular creed, but delight to revel in the eloquence, the wisdom, and the love of the Nazarene; there are men who, even though outside of the church, undertake in their own way, with many a struggle and with an occasional triumph, to follow Him who said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Is it not, then, the part of his more pretentious champions to lend a hand so that the justice for which Christ stood shall find reflection in the government under which we live?

A Nebraska poet, and one of the sweetest singers of all the poets of today, has written: "This Easter morn we stand 'mid lilies white, while clear-toned voices in the chancel sing the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' peace to man. And oft-repeated downward floats to us the choral prayer in accents sweet and clear, 'Grant us Thy peace, Oh Christ, Grant us Thy

peace.'" But with all the songs and the prayers, with all the ceremonies, and the inspiring efforts which this day recalls, with all the love, with all the truth, with all the example—with all the Christ—there is no peace! In this land we see on the one hand powerful men accumulating, through unjust laws and favoritism at the hands of government's representatives, millions upon millions of wealth, while in spite of our boasted prosperity the problem among the masses of obtaining fair recompense for toil is becoming more and more difficult of solution.

Justice, the attribute of divine nature, must be more closely associated with power, so that "whatever is justice may be power, and whatever is power may be justice." Some one has said that justice is "the great and simple principle which is the secret of success in all government, as essential to the training of an infant as to the control of a mighty nation." And so when it is apparent that those who toil are being more and more denied the justice to which they are entitled, it is fitting that on this Easter day of 1906 men and women who bend the knee in the presence of the risen Christ shall not forget the things for which he stood and shall consecrate themselves, as citizens as well as churchmen, to the duty with which they are confronted.

You have seen a tiny plant springing up around a rock, seeking to clothe with its green leaves the rugged hindrance to its growth. That little plant is a symbol of this day. Given in its seed a hint of heaven, it strives to make use of its endowment and, although at times well nigh destroyed, it struggles upward to contribute its beauty and fragrance

to the world it was intended to adorn. The rock of selfishness, of meanness, of conquest, of man's inhumanity to man, of war, and greed, and avarice, needs to be removed in order that the principle for which this day stands may be recognized by all men.

Yet in spite of the discouragement, the injustice, and the wrongs to which the weak and helpless are subjected, there are, in this day, and in the things it represents, hope and inspiration to those who would struggle for the greatest good to the greatest number.

The little child bending in true reverence at the mother's knee; the gray-haired man waiting near close of well-spent life for dawn to come; the aged mother, with scars of heart as numerous as her years, whose devotion has sustained her in affliction, and whose example has inspired those who have come within the benediction of her holy faith; the sacrifices of parent for child; the devotion of friend to friend; the kind offices of the strong to the afflicted; the mite given to charity; the cup of cold water; the tear that springs unbidden for another's woes—all these bear testimony to the risen Christ. These provide the hope that in God's good time men and women may be able to kneel among the lilies with love, "the crowning grace of humanity," in their hearts; with justice revealed in the national life; with truth written upon the statute books; with happiness re-established wherever they have dethroned it, and with oppression abondoned wherever they are responsible for it.

THE MYSTIC CHORDS

DID IT ever occur to you that music will most effectively recall memories of other days? "A song will outlive all sermons in the memory," because "we love music for the buried hopes, the garnered recollections, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch."

Search your own heart, and see whether hidden there is not some memory tender and true that needs but a note of the music with which it is indissolubly associated to bring it almost to life.

The note that has power to revive these memories varies, of course, with different men. But it is of these, even as it was with the men of Bayard Taylor's time: "They sang of love, and not of fame; forgot was Britain's glory; each heart recalled a different name, but all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

What a mighty panorama of memories the singing of some of these old songs unfolds! How, while they quicken the pulses, they take us back to the days of long ago!

See the panorama passing in review!

"A Mighty Fortress is our God!" And we see again the powerful figure of a fine old preacher—long ago gathered to his fathers—one with whom that song was a favorite, and to whom it was not a mere compilation of words and music; a man who served God as faithfully in every day deeds as he praised Him in Sabbath day ceremony.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul!" And we recall the death scene of a brave old chieftain in the Southern Confederacy, a fine old soldier of the cross, who had expressed the wish—and whose wish was fulfilled—to die to the music of that splendid hymn.

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me, let me hide myself in Thee!" And we remember that dear old woman who, though a mother of six children of her own, served as the mother of the eight children of her dead sisters; a dear old woman who left the imprint of her perfect charity upon the hearts of those who were the beneficiaries of her kindness, even as she had carefully provided for their current necessities.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains, from India's Coral Strands!" And we see again a sweet-faced mother of the sixties, holding in her arms and soothing to sweetest sleep the babe of war-time birth.

"His Loving Kindness, Oh, How Great!" And we recall what was an epoch in one family life when the elder brother was led to the baptismal font by a gray-haired priest of God.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee!" And we stand at the bier of a faithful father concerning whom the officiating clergyman, speaking in perfect truth, said: "He gave to the world considerably more than the world gave to him."

"Faintly Flow, Thou Falling River!" And we stand at the death bed of one of the world's grandest women. To fame and fortune she was unknown. She seemed destined for grief and trouble, and if fidelity and patience are considered in the selection of the burden-bearers of the world, the assignment in this instance was well made. As a maiden, "none

knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise"; as a wife she was constant and true; as a mother she so impressed her personality upon her children that, although she has been dead for many, many years, she still stands ever at their side, the recollections of her loving kindness, her self-sacrificing devotion, and her superb example serving as an inspiration to those who have the proud privilege of calling her "mother." What a memory chord the sweet notes of "Faintly Flow, Thou Falling River" strike in the hearts of some men and women now growing gray!

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus!" And we stand at the open door of a chamber where a little life has just gone out. Within that room there are no tears, there are no sobs—the pain is too acute for that. Even "great griefs are voiceless," and in this, the greatest of all the griefs which Providence in its infinite and inscrutable wisdom has inflicted upon men, there is no sound but the mighty throbbing of the parents' troubled heart; and that the heart of mere man can withstand such tumult is one of the wonders of the world.

The shadows of night had fallen, several years ago, in a home where, for a week gone by, no one had slept. The baby of the household was dying. The father and mother knelt at the bedside, and beside them stood a fine old neighbor—a gray-haired woman, herself the mother of many children, living and dead. During her whole life it seemed as though she had been commissioned to be a comforter for troubled men. When the end came it was this good woman who, with infinite tenderness, folded

the tiny hands over the little breast. Then, placing her arms affectionately around the grief-stricken parents, this good woman said, simply: "You needn't worry any more, now. He's safe in the arms of Jesus."

Do you wonder that even now the notes of that sweet song stir a tender memory within the hearts of that father and mother?

When the call: "Pass Under the Rod" comes to the parent who loves his child better than life itself, there is one story of love upon which he delights to dwell. It is the story of the Nazarene's concern for the children. As he cared for them, so, instinctively they turned to Him. It is an oft-told tale, but it grows sweeter with the telling; and nowhere has it been better told than when, in vagrant verse, it was written:

"They brought Him their babes and besought Him,
Half kneeling with suppliant air,
To bless the brown cherubs they brought Him
With Holy hands laid on their hair.
Then, reaching His hands, he said, lowly:
'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven,' and then
Took the brown little babes in the Holy
White hands of the Savior of men;
Held them close to his heart, and caressed them;
Put His face down to theirs as in prayer;
Put their hands to His neck, and so blessed them,
With baby hands hid in His hair."

THE STORY OF THE "NINETY AND NINE"

THE BEST expression of divine affection for all men and a complete description of the parent's love for the child is found in the hymn familiar the world over, and known as "The Ninety and Nine."

A writer who declared, "We never know the love of the parent till we become parents ourselves," explained: "When we first bend over the cradle of our own child God throws back the temple door, and reveals to us the sacredness and mystery of the father's and the mother's love to ourselves. And in later years, when they have gone from us, there is always a certain sorrow that we cannot tell them we have found it out."

Will any parent who has learned "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," object to an humble effort to "throw back the temple door?" Will any child, who, verging upon manhood or womanhood, has failed to appreciate the parent's love, refuse to observe the moral of this tale?

Listen to the story of "The Ninety and Nine!"

That story is not entirely the product of human minds. It is founded on the declaration of the Nazarene: "How, think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and goeth into the mountains and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of

the ninety and nine which went not astray. Even so, it is not the will of my Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

Moody and Sankey, famous evangelists, were riding en route to Edinburgh, when Mr. Sankey, happening to pick up a newspaper, read in an obscure corner of the publication a little poem entitled: "The Ninety and Nine." The poem was as follows:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"This of Mine has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro',
Ere He found His sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced tonight by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! For the Lord brings back His own."

The editor seemed not to have been greatly impressed with the beauties of the poem that has since become famous; but Mr. Sankey recognized its merits at a glance, and turning to Mr. Moody he declared: "I have found my hymn."

That night, in the presence of 15,000 men, women and children, gathered at the great revival meeting, Mr. Sankey announced that he was about to sing a new song, and that he was, at the moment, ignorant of its notes. He said he was so impressed with the language that he would depend upon some inspiration to find the music. Seating himself at the organ he sang that splendid hymn to the air now familiar to millions of men all over the world. It is interesting, if not significant, that when, for the first time, Mr. Sankey sang this song, he did not know, nor did the world know, the name of the author of the verse. It was first printed as a poem, and without the author's name attached, and it was only in later years that it became known that the beautiful words were written by Elizabeth C. Clephane. Mr. Sankey repeatedly and publicly said that until he took his seat at the organ in the Edinburgh meeting he had no idea of the notes which he would apply to the words.

As Elizabeth Clephane, converting the Savior's words into beautiful verse, touched the hearts of

the moderns, who sometimes understand in poetry what they fail to grasp in parable; as Sankey, setting to music those inspiring words, made men to know that of which they had been ignorant; so some one whose identity is yet unknown, but who is deserving of high fame, reduced the Clephane poem and the Sankey song into the negro vernacular, giving to the world the story of the "ninety and nine" in its sweetest version.

The London Express says that Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, wife of the famous gospel singer of the Torrey-Alexander mission, recited the "Darkey's version" of "The Ninety and Nine," to 10,000 people at Albert hall, London, on the evening of March 22. The Express adds: "The poem describes in negro vernacular the story of the search of the Good Shepherd for the one sheep of his flock." The poem follows:

Por lil brack sheep, don strayed away,
Don los in de win an' de rain;
And de Shepherd, He say, "O hirelin,
Go find my sheep again."
But de hirelin frown—"O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack and bad."
But de Shepherd, He smile like de lil brack sheep
Wuz de onliest lamb he had.

An' He say, "O hirelin, hasten,
For de win and de rain am col;
An' dat lil brack sheep am lonesome,
Out dar so far from de fol."
De hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol and gray,"
But de Shepherd, He smile like de lil brack sheep
Wuz fair as de break ob day!

An' He say, "O hirelin, hasten,
Lo, here am de ninety-an'-nine,
But dar, way off from de sheep-fol,
Is dat lil brack sheep ob Mine."
An' de hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
De res ob de sheep am here,"
But de Shepherd, He smile like de lil brack sheep
He hol it de mostest dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness,
Where de night was col and bleak;
And dat lil brack sheep, He fin it,
An' lay it agains His cheek.
An' de hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me."
But de Shepherd, He smile, a'n He hol it close,
An'—dat lil brack sheep—wuz—me!

Several years ago a desperate man rushed into the office of Russell Sage, the great financier, and exploded a bomb. Mr. Sage escaped injury, but his assailant was blown to pieces. While police officers, surgeons and newspaper men were gathered about the place, a woman with a shawl over her head rushed into the office, and, kneeling in a corner of the room, drew aside a piece of sheeting, and pressed to her bosom the dissevered head of the bomb-thrower. No one present knew the woman, but every one instinctively knew that she was the mother of Russell Sage's assailant. And that is "the story of the ninety and nine."

Nan Patterson, charged with the awful crime of murder, disowned by her friends, and disgraced before the world, stood in New York's criminal court helpless and alone—yet not alone, because her faithful father went to her support. Nan Patterson

found there that the same father whose wise counsels she had ignored in her youth, was, even in spite of her indifferences, anxious to give comfort in her necessity. That is "the story of the ninety and nine!"

General Molineaux, one of the gallant officers of our civil war, was brought to grief by the escapades of a son. But General Molineaux, true parent that he was, forgot the wickedness of the man charged with crime, in the love he had for his boy. All the world knows of the devotion which this fine soldier and good citizen displayed during the agonizing hours of his son's trial. That is "the story of the ninety and nine!"

The father—proud of the honored position he has won in the world, through correct living, and jealous of his household's name—rushing to the police court to rescue a boy guilty of crime; the mother, braving the frowns of society in order to save, not from shame—for it is too late for that—but from utter destruction, the daughter whom she loves better than life itself; the parents everywhere, spending sleepless nights and care-worn days, troubled over the future of their child; the anxiety for the whereabouts of the boy or girl when the shadows of night have fallen; the incurrence of debts by fathers, and the sacrifices of comforts by mothers in order that a loved one may take its coveted position in the world; the prayers, the tears, the sobs given by God-loving parents in behalf of heedless offspring; the hopes, the sighs, the aspirations, the love—all too often scattered like sweetness on the desert air—by devoted parent for wayward

child—all these are but representative of "the story of the ninety and nine."

In the presence of all this love, of all these tears, and sighs, and sacrifices, is it any wonder that there involuntarily arises the prayer—or if you choose to call it the wish: Would that the children could appreciate the love of the parents before it is too late! Would that the children could understand "the story of the ninety and nine"; but none of the ransomed ever know how deep are the waters crossed, nor how dark is the night that the shepherd goes through, ere he finds His sheep that was lost.

THE MAJESTY OF THE MOTHER'S LOVE

EWSPAPER readers are quite familiar with the details of a divorce suit between a couple conspicuous in the social life of the United States army. Charges and counter charges were made, and the result was that the husband was given the decree with the possession of the two children.

Among the black stories that emanated from that court room, there was one bright tale. Among the deeply interested participants there was one stalwart figure. The figure was the twelve year old lad of the divorced couple, and the tale relates to the fidelity he displayed toward the woman who gave him birth.

Given into the custody of his father, this manly lad, upon the adjournment of the court, boldly and roundly denounced him for the charges he had made against the mother. Stoutly maintaining his faith in his mother's innocence, he publicly condemned the father for alleged brutalities, and, forced to accompany his father, he announced his determination to rejoin his mother at the earliest opportunity.

That was at once a pathetic and a splendid scene. Some may imagine, but none can describe, the emotions that rocked the tender heart of this boy. In addition to being deprived of a home where the mother is "the sweet rallying point 'round which affection and obedience, and a thousand tender endeavors to please concentrate," he was required to

witness a foul stain upon the fair name of his first and best friend.

In this view the guilt or innocence of the woman need not be considered. Guilty or innocent, the boy's faith was superb. Innocent or guilty, the boy's fidelity was magnificent. He may have heard things which he could not understand; he may have listened to indictments which he could not explain. The central fact with him was that she was his mother; and to him, and to his boyish innocence and faith, "a mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive." Whether his fine devotion was due more to love than to faith, he might have joined with Tom Moore in that sentiment which Poe said "embodied the all in all of the divine passion of love—a sentiment which, perhaps, has found its echo in more, and in more passionate, human hearts, than any other single sentiment ever embodied in words":

"Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too!"

If devotion such as this be shown for one whose name has, at least, been tarnished, what words may be used to describe the loyalty due one whose name is a synonym for purity?

It will not do this world a bit of harm for its men —and its boys, too—to be frequently reminded of the great debt they owe their mothers. From the beginning to the end of her own life as mother, from the beginning to the end of her children's lives, she is the burden bearer of burden bearers, and the wonder of it all is that in her delicate construction there is strength to carry the loads.

The secret of her love and sacrifice was told by one who wrote: "Her first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded be from all others."

And how different, indeed, from all others, is the mother's affection for her children!

The majesty of a mother's love is indescribable. In the language of another, "it shrinks not where man cowers; and grows stronger where man faints; and from the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven."

But it is not alone in the tragedies of life that the mother love is felt; it manifests itself all along the line; and the routine life of the mother is one continual round of self-sacrifice, of attentions great and small—the greatest consequential to the child's future and the smallest indispensable to its present day happiness.

"Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother!"

Did you ever think of the endless and various little duties confronting the mother every day of the year? One hour devoted to the discharge of these duties to the children would drive the average man stark mad. From morning until night, and in cases of sickness or of fretfulness sometimes from night until morning, this heroine of the hearthstone keeps ever at her task. With all of the boundless attention required by her little ones a large share of her notice must be given to the little necessities of the father, who, in many cases, is the greatest baby of them all. What a wonderful amount of work she is able to accomplish! How many things she seems to do all at the same time! At one moment she is preparing the father for his daily journey to the business district—and in most cases this is no mean task either—and between steps, as it were, she is preparing the children for school. In locating missing articles, essential to the dress she is a veritable Sherlock Holmes. Did it ever occur to you that the boy's cap, or the girl's scarlet hood has a mysterious way of hiding itself? And did it ever occur to you, also, that through some mysterious power the mother is always able to locate the missing article? In such a search the combined efforts of the father, the children and the domestic, would be unavailing, even though they extended over a considerable period of time, while the mother, who in the first place can not possibly have any idea as to the headgear's location, seems instinctively drawn to its hiding place. This provides but a meagre description of the wonderful capabilities of the mother in the little

things in household affairs. But these things are familiar to every man who remembers the kind offices of his own good mother, and to every husband who stands uncovered in the presence of his good wife's ministrations to his own little ones.

Did you ever notice the large difficulties under which a great, powerful man struggles when he escorts two or three children to a circus or a county fair? In the parlance of the street, he is "sweating blood," and you have no difficulty in imagining that under his breath he is singing "A charge to keep I have." And did you ever notice how deftly a mother, perhaps already worn and weary from her household work, handles, on similar occasions, half a dozen nervous, impatient little ones? Perhaps she is carrying one of them in a tired arm, and holding another with a weary hand, while all the time she is keeping a watchful eye on the balance of the group; and all the time without a sign of weariness, and without a display of impatience.

How intimately a mother's sympathies and sentiments are linked with those of the child! The boy cannot enter his home so late at night, nor so stealthily, as to avoid his mother's notice; and the innocent inquiry, "is that you, Will?" is as familiar to the boys of today as to the boys of forty years ago. She may be in a far away room, and yet, during the dead of night, when a little one who has, perhaps, taken a cold, sneezes, she can, though the mother of half a dozen, immediately distinguish the owner of the sneeze. She may be sitting in a room several rooms away from the cookery, and yet she seems

able to tell instinctively, just when the hand of a healthy boy has been thrust into the cookey jar. She can detect the falsehood where the father would see nothing but truth. She can recognize as correct a statement which the father might question. She knows the weakness of every child, and to that extent knows just how much should be forgiven. She accomplishes so much, loves so much, and sacrifices so much that the father, conscious of his own shortcomings, must oftentimes stand abashed in her presence.

One of the prettiest stories ever told relates to the devotion shown by a distinguished Nebraskan to the memory of his boys' mother. This gentleman caused to be erected over that mother's grave a stone upon which his own name as husband, and the names of his boys as sons of that good woman, were inscribed. After the stone had been put in place, he took his four boys to the cemetery, and kneeling at that grave, directed their attention to the fact that their names had been highly honored by being written on that slab of marble. Then, paying a high and deserved tribute to the fine character of that mother, the father said: "Boys, if any one of you ever does anything to dishonor this memory, I will have his name chiseled from this stone."

It would be a great benefit to all the boys of the world if the love and devotion shown for them by their mothers could ever be impressed upon them. If the boys would be ever careful lest they do something that, if known, would bring pain and sorrow to the mother heart, the future of the world would be secure.

Many years ago one of the best of mothers fell "asleep at the gates of light." All of her children, of course, revered her memory; but one of them was the babe of war-time birth, and owing to the anxieties and excitements of the period, and the continued absence of the father, extraordinary affection and devotion, was, doubtless, lavished upon him.

Perhaps it was because of this, that after the mother's death, and for many years, this boy never retired for the night without placing at his bedside a chair, under the childish impression that his mother would occupy it and watch him to sleep.

When other boys would write in sand or carve on trees the names of sweethearts dear, this lad would trace with knife or stick the name of his sweetheart —his mother's name.

When but a boy he chose his sweetheart's name as one to be given to his own daughter; and when in later years he wrote some tales of love and life, his heroine, good and true, bore with signal honor and renown the name he loved so well. So, through boyhood's days this precious memory was enshrined within his heart; the purity, the devotion, the sacrifices, the sorrows of this patient, God loving and God serving woman was ever before him, often deterring him from evil, and sometimes inspiring him for good.

"Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him."

There are living today many such mothers. If the boys could only appreciate their loving kindness

while they live, life would be sweeter to them. If those who now have the companionship of the boy's best friend could only know all they will lose when that companionship ends, the pathway of the mothers of the world would today be strewn with roses.

The regrets for thoughtless acts and indifference to admonitions now felt and expressed by many living sons of dead mothers will, in time, be felt and expressed by the living sons of living mothers. The boys of today who do not understand the value of the mother's companionship, will yet sing—with those who already know—this song of tribute and regret:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

"O memories that bless—and burn!
O mighty gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross
Sweet heart,
To kiss the cross.'

THE DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

TWO business men were spending an evening together. One asked the other, "How do you manage to break away from your work in thought as well as in deed?" His companion replied: "One method I will describe by a little story. The other day was a very busy one to me, and when I was ready to go home I found my mind full of my work. I put one million dollars in my pocket, stepped on the rear platform of a street car, lighted a good cigar, and proceeded to spend the money according to the methods which I hope I would employ if I really had a fortune. I did not awaken from my dream until I stepped across the threshold of my home, and was greeted by the children. I had left my work entirely behind me and had had all the pleasures of distributing the million dollars without any of the attendant responsibilities."

The first speaker asked: "Do you often indulge in such dreams?"

The other replied: "Not too often, but just often enough."

The first speaker said: "I'm glad you have made that confession. I have indulged in that pastime myself frequently, and I began to fear for my mental condition."

While we are told by one of the old poets that hearts have been broken and heads have been crushed

by giving fancy such a free rein, we know that in the language of that same poet, "there's mony a mighty mon buildin' castles i' the air." These dreams are doubtless indulged in by men in every walk of life. With some the dream never goes higher than fancy, but with others it is of that order that entitles it to rank as imagination.

Emerson gave us the distinction when he said: "Fancy amuses; imagination expands and exhausts. Imagination is the vision of an inspired soul, but as the soul is released a little from its passion, and at leisure plays with the resemblances and types for amusement, and not for its moral end, we call its action fancy."

One great poet has called the air built castle "the fool's paradise," but another poet has provided for those who at times yield to the temptation to roam in that paradise the apology that "we figure to ourselves the thing we like; and then we build it up, as chance will have it, on the rock or sand—for thought is tired of wandering o'er the world, and home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore."

Even though one would not be willing to condemn the practice of building air castles such as were constructed by our million dollar philanthropist, there will be little disposition to deny the propriety of the admonition that such fancies should not be indulged in "too often," and we are all, perhaps, prepared to agree that "often enough" is, indeed, often enough.

A man upon whom fortune had not always smiled purchased on one occasion a ticket in a lottery. It had been the hope of the members of this man's

household to have at some time a horse and carriage, and the kind hearted parent returning to his home, proudly displayed his lottery ticket, and calling wife and children around him told them that the capital prize was $15,000. He then drew a fine picture of the carriage which he intended to purchase with his prize.

The children were, of course, delighted with the prospect, and little "Becky" exclaimed: "I'm going to ride on the front seat with papa!"

But "Ikey," the brother, put in: "No, I'm going to ride on the front seat!"

The father undertook to pacify "Ikey," but he seemed bent on having the front seat; and finally the father bending down, as it were, from the heights of his air castle exclaimed: "Ikey, get right down out of the carriage!"

Perhaps this is even a better illustration than that given by our million dollar philanthropist of the kind of air castles the construction of which may be mere waste of time. But if in these day-dreams we can obtain that recreation which many men say they do obtain from such fancies, without the danger of becoming idle dreamers, there is little harm in the pastime. Indeed, it may become beneficial if, by yielding to fancy, we prepare ourselves for that imagination which plays not for amusement, but for moral end. We have been told that "as imagination delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with

our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment or of some ideal excellence"; and further: "Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes."

Goschen, the English statesman, gave, in an address delivered at Edinburgh college, an interesting description of the uses of the imagination. He declared that one of the most precious faculties which Providence has planted in the human breast is "the faculty of wise, sympathetic, disciplined, prospective imagination." He referred to "constructive imagination," which having the power of picturing absent things, "takes its start from facts, but supplements them and does not contradict them." He contrasted constructive imagination with analysis, saying that the latter eliminates, separates, strips off, reduces, while the former proceeds in the opposite direction.

Coleridge said that Tom Moore had fancy, but no imagination; but Poe explained that Moore's fancy "so far predominated over all his other faculties, and over the fancy of all other men, as to have induced, very naturally, the idea that he was fanciful only." And Poe declared that by Coleridge's estimate "never was a greater wrong done the fame of a true poet."

One of the world's greatest word builders has told us that the man of imagination is merely the man of genius; that that man having seen a leaf and a drop of water can construct the forests, the rivers, and the seas, and that in his presence all the cataracts

fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float; that he has lived the life of all people, of all races; that he knows all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards; that he has been victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king, has heard the applauses and curses of the world, and on his heart have fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success; that he knows the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts; that he has knelt with awe and dread at every shrine; has offered every sacrifice and every prayer; that he has lived all lives, and through his blood and brain have crept the shadow and the chill of every death, while his soul, Mazeppa-like, has been lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear, and love, and hate. And the greatest castle-builder among all the architects of the air, the greatest dreamer of all the dreamers of the world concluded this powerful description: "The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon he sets all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows, and the tragic deeps of every life."

The man who slept and dreamed that life was beauty awoke and found that life was duty. His was of the dreams that come true. Toiling on unceasingly he discovered that men who learn that life is duty, and act accordingly, find in fact that life is beauty

What would life be without its dreams? What would humanity do without its dreamers? The value

of our contributions to the world are to be gauged by the character of our dreams. The man who imagined that he had one million dollars and found pleasure in dreaming that he was spending it for the benefit of his fellows, is not likely to spoil his own character by his dreams, or to injure society by the cultivation of fancies of that order. The man who, having invested in a lottery ticket, found his greatest delight in anticipating the pleasure he might give to his wife and little children, had in him the stuff out of which good dreamers are made. He needed but to separate himself from the notion that outside the charmed circle of "frenzied finance" something can be obtained for nothing, or that the parent can bring happiness to his loved ones without an effort. Had that dream been realized upon through the medium of a lottery ticket, it would have been like Dead Sea fruit, that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lips. It would have been like a victory without a struggle, an achievement without an effort, a prize without a contest, a token of love without a sacrifice. Such victories, achievements, prizes and tokens are without value.

The best of all dreams are those to which, perhaps, we attach not the greatest importance. But they are of the sort that come true, and are true, just as "the best portion of a good man's life" is "the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

The dreams of love, of humanity, of righteousness, come true. They are, in fact, true in the very dreaming. Every thought that contemplates help to the

helpless, that deals with the uplifting of the fallen, the advancement of humanity, the dispensation of charity, the sacrifice of the strong for the weak, the checking of the orphan's sobs, the drying of the widow's tears, the restoration of manhood and womanhood to those who have lost hope, the winning of the world to truth—these are the dreams that make life worth living, these are the dreams that come true.

It is as old as the hills, but it is always good: When Abou Ben Adhem awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, he saw an angel writing in a book of gold,—

"And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord';
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

WHEN THE BOAT HAS TOUCHED SHORE

IT IS related that two Scotch fishermen, "Jamie" and "Sandy," belated and befagged on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. Finally Jamie said:

"Sandy, I'm steerin', and I think you'd better put up a bit of a prayer."

"I don't know how," said Sandy.

"If ye don't, I'll chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "Oh, Lord, I never asked anything of ye for fifteen years, and if ye'll only get us safe back I'll never trouble ye again, and"—

"Whisht, Sandy!" said Jamie, "the boat's touched shore; don't be beholden to anybody."

This is not the only instance where prayers have ceased when "the boat has touched shore." In the midst of plenty and prosperity, and away from dangers and vicissitudes, men become wonderfully puffed up. But a great transformation takes place as soon as adversity comes upon them. It is all-important that we remember our helplessness, and give thought to the arm upon which, during our peril, we leaned, even though "the boat has touched shore."

Were you brought face to face with the terrors, the heart-aches, and the pathos of the drouth-stricken period? Many of us have a lively recollection of those days, and, please God, may they never come again! During one of these seasons of drouth the writer spent two weeks at the home of an aged farmer.

In that year the corn had obtained a fine start, and, as though to mock the husbandman, had grown to fine proportions only to be burned day by day before his very eyes. Great fields of what, with the aid of a very little rain, would have become magnificent grain, were being literally burned up by the sun's merciless rays. The creeks had gone dry. The farmer was required to economize on his cattle's food as well as in the provision for his own table. Turn in whatever way one would, the eye rested upon great fields of blasted crops, and one could see men, women and children on their knees, praying for rain. It happened that during the two weeks referred to, many promising clouds filled the sky. For several days the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, but no rain fell. It was one of the most pathetic sights imaginable when, in the presence of one of these black clouds, the farmer would gather his family and his visitors around him, and with his fine gray hairs uncovered, drop upon his knees, appealing earnestly—and yet as it developed, ineffectively—that the God he had for so long faithfully served might hearken to the prayers made by his helpless creatures.

At one time while the members of that little gathering were upon their knees in that farmyard a few drops of rain fell from a black cloud. No more dramatic scene has ever been placed upon the stage than when that fine old farmer, confident that his prayers were about to be answered, sprang to his feet, and, extending his long arms toward heaven, shouted, as though he wanted the world to hear: "We thank

Thee, O God, for Thy bounty! We knew You would hear our prayers!"

And no more pitiable sight was ever offered for the eyes of pitying men than that presented by this faithful old farmer when the black cloud passed over, after having given but a few drops of rain. It would be by no means correct to say that this particular old farmer never lost hope. In a short time his crops were blasted, and they finally ceased to pray for rain, but it was characteristic of this man that he found no fault. "He bore it calmly, though a ponderous woe, and still adored the hand that gave the blow."

Later the writer happened to meet that same farmer. He had crops in abundance, and was in every way prosperous. He was reminded: "It wasn't necessary for you to pray for rain this year." He replied: "No, not for rain, but to give thanks for the strength that carried me through the trials of former days, and gratitude for the ability to appreciate and put to proper use the manifold blessings now bestowed upon me."

In the sight of our inventions, of our railroad building, of our ocean enterprises, of our search for gold, of our struggle for territory, of our efforts to become a world power, not by example but by force of arms, we have come to imagine that man is an all-powerful creature.

He has perfected inventions for the planting and the harvesting of grain, and for the convenient disposal of it after the harvest has been made. In some quarters, and on a comparatively small scale, man has

devised processes of irrigation. But in the presence of a threatened disaster that involves the destruction of the crops of the country, men realize their helplessness, and whatever their theologies, their creeds, or their notions may have been, they are forced to the conclusion that, after all, we may be necessarily dependent upon some power higher than that of man. In the presence of a threatened disaster man's hope may find voice, and yet in the contemplation of his weakness in dealing with the great forces of nature, he is forced to employ the words of the poet: "But what am I, an infant crying in the night, an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry."

It is nothing new that in the time of a great calamity, in the presence of a threatened disaster, men become more tolerant of the faith of the mothers. The story is as old as the hills, and from the beginning men, who in prosperity have been inclined either to indifference or to sneers, have in disaster come to realize, though only for a moment, that they are dependent upon a superior power. The old-time religion that in the busy marts has been swept aside by those too practical to give thought to the future, has in the midst of trouble re-impressed itself upon helpless men; and all the theologies, and the creeds, and the notions erected by so-called progressive men are as mere baubles at such a time in comparison with the faith of Paul and Silas.

We may have heard a man in the vigor and freshness of youth sneer at the faith of his mother, but when the oats have been sown, when the mad race

has been run, and age, and decrepitude, come upon him, how often have we seen that same man demonstrate that he realizes the completeness of human frailty.

We may have heard a man sneer at the faith of a neighbor; and yet how often have we seen that same man, when death has threatened his own household, kneeling beside the cot of a beloved child, and mingling his prayers with those of a devoted mother, invoking for his home that which he is powerless himself to give, pleading for relief from a source whose very existence he has sometimes questioned.

In the moment of peril human frailty turns instinctively toward divine strength. The privilege of the "sweet hour of prayer" that brings one "from a world of care," has been the greatest boon to mankind. It has smoothed the pillow of many a dying man; it has quickened the conscience of many a thoughtless woman; it has given inspiration to many a simple child, and it has brought surcease of sorrow to many a heart-broken parent.

The mother praying for the wayward son is encouraged to new efforts in behalf of her child; the soldier praying for guidance on liberty's battle field is inspired to more skillful struggles; the statesman, invoking divine aid in dealing with the problems of government, is brought nearer to his God, and hence nearer to his conscience.

In the days of tribulation some give audible expression to their prayers, others pray no less earnestly, though silently.

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee."

"As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark when I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee."

Who will say that in the presence of prosperity it is not the part of wisdom for men to remember their helplessness by recalling the days when the rain fell not upon the earth? But it does not seem difficult to believe that the man or woman who finds relief in cultivating "sweet flowers" that spring "deep in the soul," will, even in the very shadow of disaster, share Browning's sublime optimism: "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."

"THE GREAT WORLD'S ALTAR STAIRS"

A NEW YORK clergyman, in an address recently delivered in that city, said: "It is a curious fact that while this thing called love is recognized as beautiful, it produces so much misery. I've tried to find out why this is true, and I have reached the conclusion that it is because humanity is divided into two classes—masters and slaves. One class must dominate the other, and it is the domination, the tyranny of love, which has wrecked lives and blasted characters."

It is not the tyranny of love, but the tyranny of the forces against which love contends that is responsible for the world's woes. Many have wondered why pain has seemed to be love's inseparable companion; but those who have reached the high peaks of love and have felt the keenest stings of grief, know that while "a mighty pain to love it is, 'tis a pain that pain to miss."

That it seems to have been ordained that those who love most must suffer the keenest griefs, is one of the mysteries. This clergyman is not the only man who has been perplexed in the presence of these problems.

We have all tried to discover the why of many things.

Maternity means pain, yet women aspire to it. The mother bends to the very gates of death, and yet she does it willingly because it is the fulfillment of the

law of her being. But what is all that pain compared with the exquisite joy when "the mother feels for the first time her first-born's breath!"

With the world's experience before them parents know that children bring responsibility and, perhaps, sorrow. But they long for the responsibility, and spend their lives in efforts to avert the sorrow.

The lad knows that when he goes "gathering the myrtle with Mary," love may stroll at his side, and that while after love comes marriage, after marriage come burdens, and finally parting in death. But was ever a lad kept from a "Mary's" side by thoughts like these?

Friendships—pure and holy—between men and between women, have grown up in all the history of the world. Every friendship we cultivate means the enlargement of our opportunities for grief; for when we win a friend we take within the holy circle of our thoughtful consideration all his hopes, his struggles, his fortunes—things which need not concern us if we avoid the temptation to cultivate that friendship. But who would avoid these associations, even if by doing so they could blot out some of the forces that, in the presence of a friend's woes, tug away at one's heart strings?

We see a little child, hungry and cold, crying for succor. Why is it that tears come unbidden to our eyes, and we hasten to give relief?

We see a man struggling with adversity. Why does he have our sympathy and aid?

We see one woman deserted by a faithless lover, another fighting against poverty, another standing

bravely beside a sick, or perhaps, a debased husband. Why does she command our concern?

We see a brutal man beating a helpless beast, and we protest. Why?

We see sorrow and woe on every hand. We see might grappling with right; the weak struggling against the powerful; and individuals fighting to overcome some great personal temptation. No need to point out the evils, nor to say that men's sympathies go—as truly as the needle seeks the pole—to the right side of these contests. Why?

These evils are not the product of love. They are to be conquered or minimized by the power of love, which Disraeli described as "the principle of existence and its only end."

"Why is love?" asks this clergyman. Well, why is life? Why the many unsolved and unsolvable things with which the human being is confronted? And why is death? Aye, let him who would ask "Why is love?" first explain the necessity for death; for while death seems to strike its cruelest blows at those who love the most, those who love the most are able to withstand the sorrows death inflicts upon the living.

> "Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,
> And Hope kissed Love, and Love drew in her breath
> In that close kiss and drank her whispered tales.
> They say that Love would die when Hope was gone,
> And Love mourned long, and sorrowed after Hope;
> At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
> The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,
> And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears."

Every daily newspaper discloses the close companionship between love and sorrow. It is shown that

the sins of indifferent or thoughtless men fall heaviest upon the innocent people who love them. If a composite tale could be written of the life stories provided in our penitentiaries, the dramatic interest would not attach to those chapters dealing directly with the crime or the criminal, but rather to the pages that are blotted with the tears and written in the heart's blood of those who suffer for love's sake.

> "Oh, Shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love!"
> "It is to be all made of sighs and tears.
> It is to be all made of faith and service."

Yet who would abandon the faith, who would avoid the sighs, the service, and the tears if to do so they must abandon love?

There are some natures so sympathetic that men in grief and trouble turn instinctively to them; and men of such natures walk through life arm in arm with sorrow—perhaps none of it their own making, but all of it resting heavily upon them. We can not tell why it is that with all of their intimate association with grief these men would not exchange places with those who live far apart from the sorrows of their fellows.

If we would describe the value of love let us imagine what the world would be if dispossessed of that which has been called "the sweetest joy, the wildest woe." Look at the man who living "withdrawn in the place of his self-content," never cultivates a genuine friendship for man, woman, or child. There are a few such men, perhaps, in every large community. The sorrows of others do not disturb them. They are not subjects of the so-called "Tyrant" Love,

hence are not required to submit to the mysterious burdens that fall upon those who dwell within Love's realm. They avoid many of the shadows of life, but do they ever feel the touch of its real sunshine?

We can not explain why it was ordained that love and sorrow should be such close companions any more than we can explain many other problems of life. But we do know that without love life would not be worth living, and that its attendant sacrifices and sorrows soften the heart and ennoble the character in proportion to the depth of the affections.

We do know that no one who has felt the touch of "the divine passion" would retrace his steps even though by doing so he would be permitted to forget the bad as he would be required to forfeit the good.

If the stranger would learn of these things let him consult any man who has walked in the sunshine as well as in the shadows of love's domain. That man would tell him that looking through the vista of years he would not forswear allegiance to Love, the great ruler of the human heart, because the sunshine breaks through all the shadows, and with all the dark recollections the blessed memories are supreme. He would tell him that the rosy cheeked girl from whom he snatched a kiss under the mistletoe twenty years or more ago is now the matron of forty; that the roses have been transferred to the cheeks of her girls and her boys, but that she is the same today as she was yesterday, and the same yesterday as when

"The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

Since then many shadows have fallen on that home. At that hearthside there may be vacant chairs; in the family archives there may be documents wet with tears. The inmates of that home know what it is to suffer; but they know, also, what it is to love; and they who know of these things can not be convinced that Love is a tyrant.

Those who have suffered, yet have been strengthened by the very force which made their sorrow keen, can tell this New York clergyman that love, rather than being a tyrant that revels in misery, is a relentless foe to tyranny, and a faithful minister in affliction. Those who, at love's bidding, have passed under the rod, will not find it difficult to believe that that which this clergyman likens to a tyrant is better described as: "The great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God."

THE FREEMASONRY OF SENTIMENT

HE WAS a man of ardent affections and bitter prejudices. He was quick to judge harshly but equally quick to revise his opinion. He was sojourning in a western city. He visited a church whose creed was not his, and whose preacher, from the first, stirred his prejudices. He seemed determined not to be satisfied with anything this preacher did, and when the sermon had been delivered he had satisfied himself that it was one of the poorest to which he had ever listened. But a change came over the spirit of his dreams; and a little child was the central figure in the scene which made this man conclude that, after all, he had listened to one of the grandest sermons that had ever been preached, and had participated in one of the sweetest services that had ever been rendered.

At the conclusion of the sermon the preacher said:

"You will all remember how one bleak morning last winter we carried from this church all that was mortal of a woman who was loved because her whole life showed that she knew she was serving God best when she rendered service to God's needy creatures. The poor and the sick of this neighborhood outside of the membership of this church have missed her every day since her death, but today we are to have a reminder of her noble life. Most of us remember that ten days prior to her death, a little child was born

unto her, and although she was well prepared to die she was more than ever anxious to live because of her longing for a little one upon whom she could lavish some of the boundless affection she had given freely to the needy. Today that little child is to be baptized, and I call your attention to these facts by way of tribute to its mother's precious memory, and in the hope that her fine example will be ever before us."

It was not difficult to see that the stranger in that church was, as the boys would say, "sitting up and taking notice" just at this stage of the proceedings. And he was one of the most deeply interested spectators as the aunt of the motherless child carried the little one to the altar. Holding the child in his arms the preacher went through the baptismal service; and then before handing it back to the aunt he held it at arms' length and took a long, earnest and, we may say, a loving look into its happy face. Then pressing the little one to his breast he kissed it passionately while the tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks gave to the motherless child another baptism—not the baptism provided in the service books—but the outpouring of love and sympathy which, after all, is the substance of the form provided in our creeds.

By this time the tears were rolling down the stranger's cheeks. The hostility within his heart for that old preacher was entirely gone. The love, the sympathy, the tenderness which he had failed to detect in the sermon of the day he had observed in the kisses which the preacher gave to the motherless child, and in the tears which rained upon the baby's

face. He knew that that preacher was his "kind of people." He had recognized the freemasonry of sentiment. He saw clearly the tie that binds men of deep feeling, and he felt as though he would be glad to grasp that preacher's hand. Certainly he was a better man because hostility had been banished from his heart; and perhaps, after all, he was a stronger man because of the necessity for the readjustment of his opinion.

Several years ago a newspaper man wrote a simple little article that had small literary merit but depended for public approval solely upon its tender sentiments. A man who was generally believed to be hard-hearted wrote to this newspaper man a personal letter thanking him for the article referred to, and saying: "I have frequently found this kind of sentiment cherished where one would least expect it to be, and I am frank enough to say that I am surprised in this instance." The newspaper man was just as much surprised to learn that his article had met favor at the hands of his correspondent.

We don't know all that is going on in the hearts of our neighbors. Of course the cynic would say that if we did we would more regularly lock up our hen-roosts at night. But everyone knows some man upon whom he has passed erroneous judgment. Everyone knows some man whom he at one time regarded as cruel and heartless, but later found to be tender and true. While some of our greatest writers would give us the impression that most men are bad, if we will but examine our own experiences with the majority of our acquaintances, we will dis-

cover that these writers, famous though they are, merely skimmed the surface in the "proper study of mankind."

Some of us prefer the opinion of that writer who said "he only fears men who does not know them, and he who avoids them will soon misjudge them." Too often we mistake thoughtlessness for meanness. Some have pointed to the eagerness with which men will push one another in order to secure a seat on a crowded street car or train, or to purchase a ticket at a crowded box office. They forget the many instances where men have calmly submitted to death in order that the lives of women and children might be saved. They forget the great heroism, the patient labor, and the tender sympathy shown at every railroad wreck where men in large numbers have gathered. They forget the prompt response made in the average American neighborhood in cases of sickness and distress. They forget the many little and yet important services rendered by one man when it comes to burying another man's dead. They forget that every appeal made upon the sympathies of men for help for the afflicted has been promptly and fully responded to, whether the call came to the men of a nation, to the men of a state, to the men of a county, or to the men of a small community. They forget the hospitals that have been erected and maintained —not in most cases by the liberal contributions of rich men, but by the small and regular donations of poor men. They forget the Houses of the Good Shepherd and similar institutions whose doors are ever open to fallen women. They forget the ready

giving of alms that may be counted on in any street in any city of the land, where the beggar's necessity is apparent. They forget the support given and the respect shown for the Volunteers, the Salvation Army and kindred organizations—support given in most cases by those who make no profession of religion. They forget the constant, steady tendency toward good manifested in our public sentiment, if not at all times in our laws—a public sentiment constantly striving to advance the best interests of society, constantly struggling to overcome the evils incident to society.

The cynics would have us accept the methods of the insurance ringsters as a fair sample of the disposition of men; but they forget that whenever such crimes as these have been exposed, the condemnation by public opinion has been overwhelming. They forget that it is the very goodness of men which, slow to see evil in others, has, in part, made it possible for a coterie of men to impose upon their fellows. The cynics would have us believe that the instances of corruption in public life fairly reflect the character of men generally. They forget that, while the people are sometimes slow in learning the truth, when faithful prosecuting attorneys have uncovered wrongdoing, and honest governors have set themselves squarely against the encroachments of powerful interests, men of all political parties and of all creeds, and men of no political party and no creed, have rushed to the support of good government.

Man's struggle for light does not terminate with the delivery of his college diploma. With most of

us it is a constant and a desperate struggle; not only a struggle for existence, but a struggle against passions, a struggle to do the right thing at the right time.

A show made its appearance in a frontier town. There was no orchestra, but an old organ was secured, and finally one thoughtful and observing citizen who had learned to play the organ, was persuaded to act as "the orchestra." The rough frontiersmen gathered in large numbers, most of them with great pistols buckled to their waists, and when the "orchestra man" took his place at the organ it was noticed that he had taken the precaution to pin upon his back a large placard bearing the words: "Don't shoot the organist. He's doing the best he knows how." Some of us yet believe that most of us are doing the best we "know how." One great trouble is that "men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water." If men would get closer to one another there would be less cynicism in the world, and, all important, less cynicism in the world's literature.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," or rather reminds us that we are all kin, just as brothers long time estranged have later been reconciled at the knee of the mother or at the mother's grave, or perhaps by some touching reminder that they are brothers, and that sympathy, kindness, and the forgiving spirit are part and parcel in their duty.

Some of those eminently practical men are wont to laugh at their fellows who deal in that sentiment which Lowell describes as "intellectualized emotion, emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals by

the fancy." But these "pretty crystals" never hurt any one. There are a few men who have habitually repressed this "intellectualized emotion," and some in whom it was never developed. Robert G. Ingersoll, riding on a train one evening, noticed the beautiful sunset, and touching his seat neighbor on the arm, pointed across the field, saying: "Isn't that simply beautiful?" His neighbor looked out of the car window, but his vision reached no farther than a herd of cattle, and he replied: "Sure it is. Them's the finest bunch of steers I have seen in many a day."

A leading western lawyer was once asked whether he had ever known a man who was wholly bad. He replied: "I thought I did at one time, but I found that, after all, I was mistaken. For many years I had as a client a rich man in whom I had not been able to discover a good impulse. In the course of years this man came to be an invalid, and he lost his fortune. During his better days he had secured a large sum of life insurance. His family was in distress, and he committed suicide in order that those dependent upon him might obtain the necessities of life. I made up my mind then that there is some good in every man."

It doesn't do to judge our fellows harshly. The cultivation of kind thoughts is such a delightful pastime that it is idle for men to undertake to keep up hostilities. It would be better for every one of us to get through the world without having enemies, but if we must have them for a time, it would be well if we could know them better when we might discover

that that fine old lover of men knew what he was talking about when he said: "If we could read the secret lives of our ememies we would find there enough sorrow and suffering to make us love them."

In some of the simplest of verses we find the greatest of morals. In a book compiled for the children there is a verse that was doubtless written for the grown folks: "Do you wish for kindness? Be kind. Do you wish for truth? Be true. What you give of yourself, you find; your world is a reflex of you." And long ago, a man, pleading for the kindlier impulse, gave to the world a valuable reminder when in homely verse he wrote: "You dare not chain the lion; you must not chain the dove; and every gate you bar to hate will open wide to love."

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

THERE was one satisfactory feature to the two long drawn out murder trials in which a Florodora chorus girl figured. That was the devotion displayed by the distracted father toward his wayward daughter. When, during her first trial, the defendant stepped from the witness stand after having passed through the ordeal of a relentless cross-examination, the old man put his arm affectionately around his child, and said: "You did splendidly, little girl." When the jury returned with the report that it could not agree, the newspaper dispatches say:

> "The father of the accused, who has been by her side ever since the trial began, and whose tender care and devotion to her has been the most touching of the trial, tried to comfort her, but his saddened face and mournful expression robbed the words he uttered of force and meaning as he said: 'Don't worry, little girl; it will come out all right yet.'"

Some one has said that the true test of love is the willingness to endure and suffer for another; that it is the suffering element that measures love, and that characters that are great must of necessity be characters that shall be willing, patient, and strong to endure for others; that "to hold our nature in the willing service of another is the divine idea of man-

hood." Unquestionably the average parent would successfully meet the test, even as it was met by the father of this wayward girl. Children seldom appreciate the parents' love. Doubtless the Florodora girl has learned to appreciate it, just as many other wayward girls have learned it in the past, just as many other girls will learn it in the future.

No human pen can accurately describe that love. It is wonderfully elastic, and as child after child is born into the family covers them all, giving the same portion to the new-born, while lessening none of that enjoyed by the others. The good mother who, when asked which of her children she loved the best, said: "The one who is sick", pointed out in a happy way the only difference a parent can feel in his attitude toward his children. We love best "the one who is sick"; we love best the one who is crippled in body; we love best the one who has some weakness, for which he is not entirely responsible; we love best the one who has fallen, even though he fell as the Florodora girl fell; even though the doors of society be closed against him, even though all but the hope of heaven has been denied him.

"Don't worry, little girl; it will come out all right, yet," said the defendant's father; and with all of her faults, she was his "little girl" then, she is his "little girl" now, and she will be his "little girl" until the end. The faithful father best remembers his daughter as she was when indeed a little girl. Although she has grown into womanhood there is always in the father's mind a portrait of the little girl in frocks; there is always a picture of the little

innocent playing—or praying—at the mother's knee. That little girl may have met the world and been conquered by the world; her friends one by one may have turned from her; she may have fallen even as the defendant fell; but at the critical moment the majesty of parental love asserts itself; "the divine idea of manhood" is manifested. At the critical moment the love of the parent for the child is supreme, and arm in arm the devoted father and the wayward daughter face a frowning world, and walk together through the dark valley, the one loving as he always loved, the other appreciative of that majestic affection, perhaps for the first time in her life.

All the world loves a lover; it smiles at the sweethearts gathered at the trysting place; it nods approval when the husband and wife grow day by day into a fonder and holier union; it admires the manly devotion of brother to sister; it respects the affection of friend for friend; it is inspired by the love-light in the mother's eyes when she bends over the cradle of her babe. It must stand uncovered in the presence of that parental love exemplified in the chorus girl case; for that is the true reflection of the love shown by the Savior of men—that is the spirit which hovered over the manger at Bethlehem, made Gethsemane endurable, and Calvary possible. "Greater love than this hath no man."

Painters have sought to paint love upon canvas; poets have tried to picture it in verse; dramatists have endeavored to describe it in play. But it is not a thing to be shown in picture or in words. It was manifested in all its majesty when the Nazarene

cried: "It is finished!" and since then it has been shown in the palaces of the rich and in the hovels of the poor whenever a good parent's love for his child has been put to the test.

In the "Reign of Law," James Lane Allen, the novelist, leads his hero through a maze of doubt and unbelief, and finally lands him safely on faith's foundation stones, winning him to that point through the hero's love for a woman. So divine was his affection for the girl of his choice that he concluded that, after all, there must be a God, else there could not be such love. Perhaps the novelist knew what he was doing; and yet there are many who read that magnificent story who felt that he missed an opportunity when he failed to use the parents' love for the child as the highest and best representative of God's love for man, and as undeniable evidence of the existence of "our Father which art in heaven."

It is a pity that this old man's "little girl" fell; it is a pity that the hearts of her parents were broken; it is a pity that the happiness of a good wife was wrecked by the folly of a man who sinned, and the weakness of a girl who yielded; it is a pity that the public must be afflicted with the details of such a case. But it would be worth all the tears and all the grief, and all the toil and trouble, if the plain moral presented throughout this affair could be written indelibly upon the heart of every other man's "little girl" in all this wide, wide world.

THE OLD CHUMS—LIVING AND DEAD

AS WE grow older we grow weaker physically and mentally, but our friendships grow stronger. "Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life." The Indians understood at once what William Penn meant when, in addressing them, he said: "The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break."

If the comparatively young man of today would obtain some conception of the way old friendships lay hold upon the aged, let him when nearing the meridian of life move from the place where the greater number of his years have been spent. When a man gets along in years he finds it more difficult to make new acquaintances. The difficulty is largely within himself, of course; he feels such a reverence for the time-honored friendships that he is reluctant to admit strangers to the sacred precincts inhabited by them. He begins, long before his time, to live in the past. He appreciates, as others may not, the reverence gray-haired men have for the old-time ties and the pleasures they find in reviving the tender memories of the long ago by pilgrimages, as it were, through the Kingdom-of-Never-Forget. He better understands the words of the gray-haired poet written for the benefit of his gray-haired classmates:

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those our stars that beam on high.

There are many men and women—even some who do not regard themselves as aged—who take, occasionally, a journey into the Kingdom-of-Never-Forget. "Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me, fond memory brings the light of other days around me; the smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years, the words of love then spoken; the eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken." And sometimes, then, we "feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed."

These pilgrimages into the Kingdom-of-Never-Forget remind us that every friendship cultivated in life yet holds a niche in our hearts. Some of the parties to those friendships may be dead; a few may have proved unworthy; miles of land and leagues of sea may separate us from others; from many we may not have heard for years; but the tender memory is there and needs but to be revived by the "light of other days," in which we traverse the Kingdom-of-Never-Forget.

How these familiar figures come trooping in review, marshalled to very life by a wave of memory's baton. There is the little girl in pinafores with whom we

made our first mud pies; here the rosy cheeked lad with whom we took our first swim; then the sallow-faced youth with whom we had our first fight (we can feel his swift punches even now); and then the first teacher to win us by her tender devotion to her pupils; the first sweetheart of our boyhood days, perhaps now the mother of stalwart sons of her own, but always to hold a place of honor in our hearts, and, although now a matron, always to be remembered as the brown haired girl arrayed in calico and sun-bonnet, and one whose beauty was adorned the most because it was adorned the least; the woman who was the first to teach us of the laws of God; the man who was the first to tell us of the governments of men, and at whose knee we first learned the principles of Democracy. Then there is "Tom," sensitive as a girl, but in his friendships faithful unto death; and "Jim," rough on the exterior, but polished like a diamond within. We all have our "Jims" and "Toms." Perhaps the one is dead and the other far away, but the mysterious forces of friendship keep the living and the dead ever at our side, for those who taught us of love and loyalty to one's friends are immortal in our hearts.

What an army of boys and girls, and men and women—friends of the long ago—come, even without beck or call, once fond memory brings the light of other days around us.

It is with smiles, as well as sighs and tears, that we conclude our pilgrimage through the Kingdom-of-Never-Forget; and when we emerge from the shadows and the sunbeams of that domain we feel

like writing upon its outer walls this sign of loyalty and of love to the old chums living and the old chums dead:

"From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all;
In the desert a fountain is springing;
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

THE BLIND MAN'S PRAYER

FOUR men of varying ages were rambling together in Nebraska fields. Among the birds and flowers, the growing grain, and the life-full trees men are apt to grow communicative. Creation's wonders are never so interesting and so productive of thought as in the springtime, and thought concerning the mysteries of fields leads, very often and very naturally, to thought concerning the mysteries of men.

While the members of this little party were resting under the shade of a tree, the younger one, although free from serious want or perplexing care, registered complaint against his lot in life, and protested very bitterly because of the burdens he was required to bear. One of his companions, a gray-haired man whom we may well describe as the philosopher of the party, and whose career had been marked by struggles and tribulations such as the young complainer had never known, advised his companion to look about him and, observing the sorrows of others, understand how much reason, after all, he had for congratulating himself.

These men halted at a farmhouse for the noonday meal. Summoned to the dining room they found already seated at the table a gray-haired man with form bowed and bent with the weight of years, and

with remarkably large eyes from which the sight had long since departed.

The mistress of the home called upon the aged man to pray, and the listeners heard:

> We thank Thee for Thy abundant love and mercy; for the privilege Thou hast given us to labor in Thy vineyard where there is so much work to be done in Thy name, and for the good of Thy creatures. Accept our grateful acknowledgement because of the pain and grief we have been spared, and our glad thanks for the manifold blessings that have been showered upon us. Make us strong to bear whatever in our human view may seem to be undue affliction, and bring us to a full appreciation of the opportunities and happiness ever at our hand. Comfort with Thy great power and Thy enduring love those who are less fortunate than we, and help us, one and all, to educate ourselves for the higher and better life that has been prepared for us.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the philosopher of the party cast at the young complainer a look, the significance of which was evidently grasped in that quarter. When the visitors left the farm house the philosopher, addressing his young friend, asked: "Compared with your own condition, could you see in the condition of that much afflicted old man any reason why he should give thanks for the 'manifold blessings' showered upon him?"

"I was never so much impressed with a prayer as I was with that blind man's acknowledgment," said the young man, "and I believe that, after all, I have

many reasons to be thankful. If a sightless and decrepit man can be grateful for his privileges, I can, at least, find balm in Gilead."

"Every furrow in that old man's career," said the philosopher, "is sown with the seed of thankfulness, and every one of his more fortunate fellows in the world might well be grateful for the opportunity of looking upon his affliction and listening to his psalm of praise."

The young complainer had learned his lesson at the knee of the sightless man. It was a lesson similar to that which, in the long ago, had been taught to one who said: "I once complained because my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became content."

Some one has written: "If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient." Put in another way: If we fasten our attention on the sorrows, the trials, and the calamities we have escaped, we need find no great difficulty in being grateful for our privileges and contented with our lot.

A few years ago the sight of a black cloud did not strike terror to the hearts of men, but in this day the coming storm is closely watched and brave men and courageous women are not ashamed, at the first gust of wind, to seek safety in the cellar. As the young complainer learned his lesson in the presence of a sorely afflicted yet wholly grateful man, so throughout the world today communities may find cause for congratulation.

We read of calamities falling all about us; we are told of these terrible affairs in which the lives of innocent men, women, and children are blotted out; we hear of terror-stricken human beings, some driven to the asylum, and others to the very verge of insanity; we learn that property, the accumulation of years of toil and privation, is in a moment swept into nothingness; that towns built through a vast expenditure of public spirit and individual struggle, have been destroyed; that prosperity and plenty have, in the twinkling of an eye, been replaced by privation and penury; that death and disease stalk triumphantly in places where, but a moment before, all was life and health. In the presence of these awful facts no man need be so rigidly practical, no man should be so devoted to the chase for the dollar, as to be ashamed to pause and make grateful acknowledgment, either to God or to his own destiny, for "the manifold blessings" that are showered even upon the humblest member of a community that lies not within the pathway of the storm, and comes not within the courses of the flood.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER

SEVERAL years ago New York newspapers told of a young man who, after years of faithful service to his employers, absconded with a considerable sum of money. That was the young man's first misstep, and the employer caused to be inserted in the newspapers an advertisement calling upon the young man to return, and promising that he would not be prosecuted, but would be helped out of his difficulties. The young man read the advertisement, returned to his home, made a clean breast of his error, was forgiven by the man whom he had wronged, reinstated in his position, and given every possible encouragement to recover his lost ground. It developed that the young man was in financial distress, and in a moment of desperation had used his employer's money. This incident occurred three years ago, and since then this young man has, at least to the satisfaction of his employer, justified the magnanimity which that employer showed.

It will not do, of course, for it to become a matter of general understanding that a man may embezzle and be forgiven; yet there have been, unquestionably, many cases in which the methods used by this New York employer could have been used with advantage by other employers.

The doctrine, "I am not my brother's keeper," is not the doctrine for thoughtful men. The man who

persistently cultivates the notion that he is concerned solely in his own welfare, and that he owes no duty to his fellows, has not even begun to learn that life is worth living.

On a tablet in a church in a western city is engraved, to the memory of a fine Methodist preacher, the best and highest tribute that could be paid to a human being. It is said of this man: "He was a helper of men." Incidentally it may be said that those who happen to have had the pleasure of this Methodist preacher's acquaintance, well know that the tribute is entirely deserved, and that the man to whose memory that tribute is paid proved himself a helper of men whenever he came in contact with a human being who needed aid.

It is true that half the world does not know how the other half lives. A very large number of people are free from serious trouble, and many of these are entirely ignorant of the burdens borne frequently by their own immediate neighbors. It is, indeed, strange that so much of the trouble, the sorrow, and the grief that exists in this busy world is concealed from the view of many men. But the man who is willing to lend a sympathetic ear and extend a helping hand very soon comes in touch with his troubled fellows and very soon learns of the sorrow and grief concerning which less sympathetic men remain in ignorance. While it is not an easy task to comply with the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens," the man who does his best to obey that rule, obtains from life a great deal more than the one who utterly ignores that rule. "The drying up of a single tear has

more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore;" and the world is full of tears; some of them are coursing down furrowed cheeks; some of them fill eyes that are rapidly growing dim; many of them are unshed and invisible. But if every tear may not be dried, if every wounded heart may not be healed, a word of sympathy and kindness will do much to assuage the grief which finds expression in the tear and the sob.

Kindness, like mercy, "is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes," and is, indeed, "an attribute of God himself." The One whose every act showed love, and sympathy, and kindness for men said: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say to you he shall in no wise lose his reward." There is in this world today an opportunity for every human being to give the cup of cold water; and there is no waiting for the reward to be bestowed. The moment the cup is extended, that moment the reward is obtained.

A man bowed with grief because of the death of his beloved wife is given the warm hand-clasp that needs no words to explain what it means. That's the cup of cold water.

A woman, broken-hearted, yet, woman-like, strong even in the presence of the greatest sorrow, is the beneficiary of those little neighborly services which, while they have no voice, speak volumes in sympathy and love. That's the cup of cold water.

A merchant, staggering under adverse conditions, honest, although unfortunate, and striving to save the remnants of his business, is given a little extra

patronage by appreciative customers, and a little unusual encouragement by merciful creditors. That's the cup of cold water.

A man, struggling against the power of an overwhelming appetite, and sinking sometimes even to the gutter, is urged to try again and save himself from social oblivion. That's the cup of cold water.

The sisters of the Good Shepherd, devoting their lives to the rescue of fallen women. That's the cup of cold water.

The good sisters and the faithful nurses at the hospitals—all devoting their energies toward alleviating pain—none of them with proper recompense in the way of money, many of them without any financial recompense whatever. That's the cup of cold water.

The noble work done at the orphan homes in caring for the little ones who, but for that work, would be homeless. That's the cup of cold water.

The man who, thrown from a position through no fault of his own, finds assistance in obtaining means of a livelihood through the intercession of some busy yet sympathetic neighbor. That's the cup of cold water.

The little garments that are sent to cover the nakedness of some child of the poor. That's the cup of cold water.

The contribution to the empty larder of the destitute, the supply of medicine to the poor and sick. That's the cup of cold water

The visits to the sick and injured. That's the cup of cold water.

The words of cheer to the stupid or thoughtless lad who finds the greatest problem of life to be the mastery of his simple studies. That's the cup of cold water.

The mending of the broken toy provides comfort to the little lad, and the repairing of the tattered doll checks the sobs of the little girl; and that's the cup of cold water.

In this day some of us may be too proud to remember, and certainly many of us are too dignified to repeat, that little jingle so familiar to our childhood days: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land; little deeds of kindness, little words of love, help to make earth happy like the heaven above." Yet, would not the world be considerably better if that simple little verse were placed over every desk in every counting room in the land, so that he who runs may read, and he who reads may profit for himself and give profit to his fellows?

Some one has said: "The best portion of a good man's life is "the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Every tear that falls in sympathy with another's woe, every hand-clasp that is meant to assuage another's grief, every word that is given to provide encouragement to one who stumbles and falters on the way, every smile, and every cheer, and every sigh, and every tear that is the product of our loving kindness contributes to the progress of the world, to the advantage of humanity and to the upbuilding of our own precious selves.

A man will obtain the best in life when he strives for that condition where thoughtlessness gives way to

thoughtfulness, where love for one's self is well balanced with love for one's fellows, where men are not too dignified to mingle their tears with the tears of a grief-stricken neighbor, where the word of comfort is ever ready for the benefit of "these little ones," for the relief of the despairing, and the help of the disconsolate.

The cup of cold water is always a good investment —the other things don't pay. It doesn't pay to harbor malice; it doesn't pay to make wounds so deep as to leave a scar upon the heart. One of the prettiest thoughts was stated recently by a writer, whose name is not just now recalled, to the effect that the kindness and good cheer generally prevalent during the Christmas season represents the normal condition of society when it shall reach that perfection possible among human beings. It is not likely that many of us will live to see the day when that will become the normal condition; but that condition may be approximated if every man will do his part in putting away malice, and in the cultivation within his own breast of those finer sentiments which, while they uplift the man himself, tend, also, to the uplifting of the world.

THE HIGHER TESTS OF MANHOOD

THE philosopher who asked: "Take away ambition and vanity, and where will be your heroes and patriots?" might have learned something to his advantage had he lived to read from the pen of the good Quaker poet:

"Dream not that helm and harness are signs of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew."

For every ounce of evil in this sorry old world there are several pounds of good. For every act of meanness there are several deeds of love.

In this day when the world hears so much to the discredit of men, it will do it no harm to be reminded that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." It will do men and women no harm to have their attention distracted from the dark pictures of cruelty, of passion, and of man's inhumanity to man to the brighter view where sacrifices are made, where burdens are borne, where mighty obstacles are overcome—in many instances by frail men and delicate women—and all done in the name of that love that "passeth all understanding."

Charles Reade described the experiences of the thoughtful observer when he said: "Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till

that hour when many that were great shall be small and the small great."

One need not go beyond the borders of his own town to find those who, keeping "the noiseless tenor of their way," and unknown even to many of their neighbors, meet the higher tests of manhood. Pointing out that "heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there," one writer has reminded us that "if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors it would sound like poetry."

Regular patrons of a certain street-car line in a western city frequently observed a mother, grown prematurely gray by her burdens, carry on and off the cars, to and from a doctor's office, a girl, in the neighborhood of eighteen years of age, who had been stricken with paralysis. For years this mother hoped against hope, and trying first one experiment and then another was, after years of painstaking devotion, finally rewarded by her daughter's restoration to health. Those who remembered how that good mother carried in her arms the daughter, then grown to womanhood, even as she had carried her when a babe, must have felt their hearts beat a little faster when they were permitted to see that mother and daughter walking side by side, the one restored to health, and the other happier and prouder because of the sorrows she had endured and the sacrifices she had made.

A man in a clerical position met with a terrible accident. A large family was dependent upon him for support. A fellow-employe, who was himself dependent upon wages, and who had passed his

sixty-fifth year, joined with other employes of the office in an agreement to do the work of their fellow in order that those dependent upon him might obtain his salary. Every night in that office some men were engaged in working over-time, and several nights during the week this aged man was contributing his portion in this labor of love. He over-worked himself, and brought on an apoplectic stroke. For several weeks he lingered between life and death, but, to the gratification of all who have the honor of his acquaintance, he was restored to health. Who will say that on the roll of heroes the name of this man does not occupy a conspicuous place?

A young physician was called to attend a woman who was at that time perhaps nineteen years of age. Although the disease with which this girl was stricken had been pronounced incurable by other and older doctors, the young physician devoted himself to the case. So attentive was he to his patient, that he secured one of the rooms in her mother's house as his office that he might be conveniently situated to respond day or night to calls from the invalid. On pleasant days he carried the delicate woman to his phaeton for a drive. Before the second year had passed he knew that his fair patient loved him. He kept his own love for another locked within his big heart. For fourteen years the patient lingered, and finally passed away. Within a year the doctor had married the woman of his choice, who, evidently understanding the heroism of the man, had never married, although it was currently reported she had many opportunities. Intimate friends of those con-

cerned in this romance know the facts as related. The doctor and his wife are still living, and they keep refreshed the memory of the poor invalid as well as the grass and flowers about her grave.

There are everywhere girls of tender years engaged in laborious tasks, and using their all too small income for the purposes, in some cases, of lifting mortgages, in others of providing bread for the family. There are boys, pushed before their time, to the line of manhood's duties, who have taken the places of fathers dead, have become protectors for their brothers and sisters, and providers for their widowed mothers. There are parents struggling to conceal, and finally to cure, the waywardness of a son or daughter. There are wives bearing in silence the grief that husband's shame has brought upon them, and concealing, for their children's sake, the hideous skeleton in their homes. There are husbands who, to spare their offspring woe, steel their hearts against the first impulse of manhood to destroy, and close their eyes to the recklessness of wives. There are children bravely holding up their heads among their fellows, although a parent has brought disgrace upon the household. There are men and women striving to recover lost ground, battling with their own bad natures, and with every struggle, and with every triumph impressed—as those who may not know what it is to struggle with one's self can never be—with the fact that "he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

The generous love and the tender sympathy, the enormous sacrifice, and the mighty endeavor that

abound in this world today need to be brought to the attention of those who, seeing so much of the meanness of men, may be moving dangerously near to the line of cynicism.

Bad people are the exception. It is natural that men and women be good and do good. Love and sympathy are part of the divine plan. "That very law which molds a tear and bids it trickle from its source—that law preserves the earth a sphere, and guides the planets in their course."

REVIVAL OF THE OLD

N RECENT years an effort has been made by the leaders of society to establish the colorless and scentless flowers of unpronounceable names in the leadership of the floral world. By the decree of the "400," these unattractive flowers were to serve as substitutes for the "bleeding heart," the "honeysuckle," the "daisy," the "pansy," the sweet "violet," and the various other things of beauty and joys forever in the flower-bed—flowers whose names even a child may pronounce, and whose beauty even the unlettered may appreciate.

But somehow or other the old favorites of the floral kingdom retain their standing, and, somehow or other, men are not drawn—even by the decree of society—to the worship of flowers that take but do not give. Somehow or other the ordinary man is even yet attracted by a form and beauty and fragrance which one may enjoy and understand without first obtaining a diploma from a college of botany.

This would, indeed, be "a merry world, my masters," if the men and women of today resolutely turned their backs upon some of the "new things" in life, and took up with some of the things that lived and flourished in the times of the fathers and mothers. It would be well for the world if we could have "a revival of the old" all along the line.

Let us search the attics where our old books have been stored, and produce for the benefit of the chil-

dren better and more entertaining tales than have ever been written by the boasted novelists of the present day. There is no occasion for one to go into ecstacy over such books as "To Have and to Hold," or "Alice of Old Vincennes," while the stories of James Fennimore Cooper, much more realistic, much more probable, much more interesting, remain hidden in our attics, covered with the dust of years, and unperused by the people of today. Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" is a better story than many of the latter day novelists have written. Louise M. Alcott's "Little Men and Little Women" have never yet been excelled as interesting and instructive reading for the young and old. The boys of today who search for light and lively fiction know little or nothing of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the great Massachusetts writer of boy stories, who wrote tales that will live.

Books and books and books are written today, and yet they are not nearly so satisfactory as some of the few volumes that were published in the long ago.

We are all too apt to worship at some new shrine, and all too apt to forget the merit of the old in our anxiety to pay undue tribute to the new.

We go into ecstacy over some of the recent day songs, and yet forget the many very interesting things that have been presented by the bards of the past.

"Ben Bolt," one of the sweetest of all the verses ever penned by man, would be practically unknown today but for the fact that it was set to music and that it figured in a popular novel. Its high character

as a touching piece of poetry is not fully appreciated by the men of today. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps, could not make a rhyme, but there was poetry as well as music in his soul, and he knew what genuine poetry was when he selected "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" as his favorite poem. The member of the literary society who would subscribe to the statement that "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" is entitled to high rank in literature, would be immediately written down as undeserving of a place in polite society, but Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem will bear re-reading, where some of the productions of the present day would be cast aside after a mere glance.

It would be well, too, if the disposition toward "a revival of the old" could take a firm hold upon our church choirs. Sunday after Sunday great congregations composed of men and women anxiously seeking not for profound things but for those things that strike a responsive chord in the human heart, assemble throughout this country to listen to airs they can not appreciate, straining their ears for words made unintelligible by the necessity of obtaining what we believe the choirmaster calls the "range of voice." "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the sweetest song that was ever written, set to the sweetest music that was ever sung, is not heard, and can not be heard in the average church. The old fashioned books are full of better songs, of more exquisite music, than are produced by the average church choir.

While we are obtaining more of the old flowers, of the old books, of the old poems, of the old songs, let

us have more of the old-fashioned women, who, like our mothers, lived and loved, and loved and lived, not conspicuous for ability as club lecturers, or as impossible reformers, but notable as thoughtful and devoted mothers, as earnest and faithful wives, as uncrowned queens of perfect homes.

Let us have more of the old-fashioned girl, who was taught that no woman was so well-to-do that she should not be educated in the arts of the good housewife. Let us have more of the old-fashioned girl whose beauty was adorned the most because it was adorned the least; who knew more about healthy outdoor exercise and practical indoor household duties than she did of pink teas.

Let us have more of the old-fashioned men who believed in the brotherhood of man; whose lives were not devoted to the game of grab; who practiced the same religion during the six days in the week that they heard preached on the seventh; who stood up for truth and right for the sake of truth and right, and who never sacrificed principle for the sake of expediency.

Let us have more of the old-fashioned boy, who had never learned to inhale cigarette smoke into his lungs; who honored his father and his mother, spent his evenings at home, his Sundays at church, and who devoted his recreation hours to sports that improved the intellectual as well as the physical in man.

Let us have more of the old-fashioned husbands who made of their wives real companions, who honred them, loved them, cared for them and pro-

tected them as queens of the home and the trainers of future citizens.

Let us have more of the old-fashioned love; the old-fashioned love that made children a blessing to their parents; the old-fashioned love between friends; the old-fashioned, pure and lasting love demonstrated in the friendships of those who sang:

"There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends; yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale!"

"SCATTERED AT THE FEET OF MAN."

DID YOU ever pass an hour in conversation with a botanist without realizing your woeful ignorance of "the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into?" Did you ever listen to the instructions of an astronomer without being impressed with the great realities that are moving about you and shining above you, wondering all the time that you had neglected these opportunities? Did you ever listen to the orations of the sage whose philosophy inspires him in prosperity and supports him in adversity without realizing that at least some portion of your life had been wasted? Did you ever stand in the presence of a man who, reared in poverty had overcome all obstacles and climbed high into the tree of knowledge, learning so many things worthy of being known, and remembering everything he had learned, without feeling your own ignorance and your folly in failing to grasp what seemed beyond the reach of a man handicapped as you had never been?

The non-observing man sleeps upon his opportunities. Even the eminently practical may learn much to their advantage if they be not ashamed to give attention to the little things and to show some concern for the lessons that may be learned even in seemingly insignificant affairs. There are all too many of us who are like the man of whom it was said: "A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was

to him, and it was nothing more." But as the astronomer could point out truth and beauty in the skies, as the philosopher could direct attention to beauty and truth in philosophy, so the botanist could show truth and beauty, and beauty and truth, in the yellow primrose by the river's brim.

In every fact of creation, in every incident of life, in every love and in every passion, in every duty and in every sacrifice there is a lesson to be learned; and it will do the busy man no harm if he becomes more observing of the things that are not intimately associated with stocks and bonds, with purchase and with sale.

Recently in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, happened an incident that ought to be carefully considered by every human being. It had the elements of tragedy and there was in it a bit of comedy, too. It was fraught with lessons of love and of life, lessons which might give courage to the hopeless, lessons which might inspire the prosperous.

A man brought to the depths of despair through his own folly, feeling that his career of usefulness was at an end, went to the river's bank determined to end it all. Those who thought they knew this hopeless creature might have been pardoned for concluding that it would have been just as well had the man been permitted to carry out his purpose. But something happened which saved this being from a suicide's grave. We are told that just as this man was about to plunge into the current of the Missouri some one threw a little dog from the bridge. Instantly the better nature of the would-be suicide was aroused.

His desire to destroy his own life was forgotten in his consideration for the little animal struggling in the waves. Instead of plunging into the water bent upon taking the life which it was his duty to preserve and use for the benefit of the world—he plunged into the stream and rescued the little dog.

Newspaper reports say that "with the wet, shivering dog nestling in his arms," the wet, shivering man applied for shelter at the police station. He refused to part company with his little protege and the newspaper reports state, "when he went to sleep on the bench in the hallway at the police station the little black dog was curled up on his breast."

The sufferings of the helpless, dumb animal instantly appeal to the hearts of men. On the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to a western city a powerful dog jumped upon a smaller dog and was getting the better of him when half a dozen stalwart men rushed from the crowd, and taking the part of the smaller animal, beat off his assailant. It is well that men show such sympathy for the beast. But is it not strange that they do not show more sympathy for the man who, in some cases, through his own folly, in other cases through no fault of his own, is made to feel that he has reached the end of his period of usefulness, that the world has turned against him, and that self-inflicted death must be his portion?

It requires no great effort to lend a helping hand to an intimate friend, temporarily suffering under adversity, but real heroism is displayed when, without hope of recompense, and merely "in His name," we reach out into the darkness and the gloom enshroud-

ing a human being who has lost all heart and believes himself to be beyond all help, and do our part in the effort to rescue the perishing. Many men will be surprised to learn how far even a kind word or the warm pressure of a hand will go toward changing, or perhaps preserving, the life of a fellow-creature.

Important as the lesson involved in the incident referred to may be to the more prosperous man, the greater lesson is to the man who has lost hope. Words can not describe the condition of "the man who has lost hope." That condition can be understood by one whose life has not been broken upon the wheel of adversity only when he imagines what his own career would be if hope were entirely removed from it. One might imagine that it would be impossible to revive hope within the breast of the would-be suicide; but the fact that there was so much good in him that he forgot his own sorrows in the sympathy he had for a dumb creature, provides conclusive proof that even to that most hopeless man life is worth living. The man who, under those circumstances, could display such love and tenderness, is capable, with a little encouragement, of conquering himself and proving to the world that it is better because he lived. He is but the representative of a type, and every one of his class is entitled to the tender sympathy and the substantial encouragement of his more fortunate fellows.

The finest tribute that could be paid to any man —and we must not forget that it may in truth be paid to many men—was given by Robert G. Ingersoll at his brother's grave when he said: "If every one

to whom he did some loving service were to lay a blossom on his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers."

There are so many heartaches and so many tears, so much grief and so much sorrow, so many heavy crosses to be borne by disheartened men and frail women, that it ought to be the pleasure, as it is the duty, of their stronger fellows to lend a hand.

Every tear that falls in response to another's woe, every hand-clasp meant to give reassurance to a faltering comrade, every word of encouragement uttered in the presence of a despairing creature, every sacrifice made by the prosperous for the unfortunate, provides healthy seed for fertile soil. It is, at once, a prayer and a benediction; a help to others and a help to one's self. It blesses him that gives and him that takes; and generous heart and grateful soul need give no audible utterance to the prayer which, although unspoken, beats about the great white throne, and there interprets itself in the very language of Tiny Tim: "God Bless us, every one!"

If the busy man would but give some thought to the things going on about him in every hour of the day, he would learn that "the primal duties shine aloft like stars," and "the charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

"NO FRO WOCKS"

IN THE play "Resurrection," a most interesting scene is that in the jury room. It will be remembered by those who have witnessed that striking play that a woman was on trial for her life, and many of the jurors expressed very strong sentiments for and against the defendant. Every one of these jurors was "cocksure" he was right, whether he favored acquittal or conviction. A gray-haired and gray-bearded juror, who, by the way, was very hard of hearing, was finally persuaded to express his opinion. Turning first to the jurors on his right, then to the jurors on his left, and finally to the jurors in front of him, he reiterated with great deliberation: "WE — ARE — NONE — OF — US — SAINTS !"

It is more than probable that every man has done things of which he is heartily ashamed. It is more than probable that in the life of every man there are several chapters which he would not desire to have revealed to public gaze.

"We are none of us saints," and it is safe to say that the man whose disposition is to hasten to the rock pile has the most need of the injunction: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

When with reference to one who has displeased us we are tempted to say harsh things, we should look over our own record and see whether we have been as circumspect as we should have been. We should stop to consider that perhaps our enemy has had pressing upon him such a force of disadvantageous circum-

stances that he could not always do as we would wish him to do, or as, perhaps, he would have preferred to do.

When we are tempted to say that our enemy has been immoral, should we not at least look over our own record and determine whether we have always lived up to the moral law?

In undertaking to enumerate the shortcomings of our enemy, should we not be a bit careful lest we charge him with the very sins of which we ourselves have been guilty?

"We are none of us saints;" and every one of us has so many shortcomings, some of one kind and some of another, that even though the milk of human kindness does not run so regularly as to prompt us to avoid inflicting needless wounds and creating unnecessary scars, consideration of the law of self-preservation should tie our tongue and temper our bitterness.

A very little boy had learned to describe in his own way some of the scenes as presented in the large pictures in the old family bible. He undertook to tell to a visitor the story of the fallen woman, and he told that story somewhat in this fashion:

"Dere's de dear, good Lord, and dere's de poor, wicked woman. Dere's de mean men. De mean men dey say: 'Fro wocks at her! Fro wocks at her!' And de dear good Lord he say: 'No fro wocks at her! No fro wocks at her!'"

The little lad's description was not entirely accurate so far as concerns language, but the spirit was there; and when we are tempted to pass harsh judgment upon our unfortunate fellows, would we not do well to remember the admonition: "No fro wocks?"

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST"

E SOMETIMES find courtesy, courage and real strength lacking where we would have the right to expect it, and we often find these traits where we would least suspect their existence.

"Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
And courts of princes."

Someone has said that "as the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so really large men are the most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors." An aged negro met a fine old Kentuckian on the streets of a southern city, and with a low bow doffed his hat. The courtly old gentleman acknowledged the salutation by lifting his own headgear. A younger man who was with him asked: "Why did you lift your hat to that 'nigger?'" The gentleman replied: "My son, I would not permit even a 'nigger' to outdo me in courtesy."

"Power is so characteristically calm that calmness in itself has the aspect of power, and forbearance implies strength. The orator who is known to have at his command all the weapons of invective, is most formidable when most courteous." Have we not often noticed the difference between the display of bogus strength made by the public speaker who in joint debate resorts to invective, and the real power shown by his opponent who hews to the line in pre-

senting the question under discussion, ignores the cheap by-play of diatribe, and strikes with every sentence sledge hammer blows in clinching his point? Have we not often noticed the difference between the fictitious power displayed by the blustering braggart and the genuine strength manifested by the soft spoken man?

No truer words were ever written than when it was said: "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." Several years ago there lived in a southern town a man who had served as a captain in the Confederate army. While this man had made a good record as a soldier and was known among his comrades as a brave man, he had for many years after the close of the war lived such a simple and peaceful life that a newcomer, who delighted in being known as a "fighting man" conceived the very erroneous notion that the captain was a coward. On one occasion the captain's position on a public question did not happen to suit the newcomer, and so anxious was he for a quarrel that he falsely interpreted some of the remarks made by the captain as a personal affront to himself. With much ado he sent word to the captain that he would kill him on sight, expecting, doubtless, that the captain would immediately leave the town.

This captain was particularly devoted to his home, and was not often seen on the street corners, but all the town knew of the warning that had been sent to him, and all the town observed that on the morning following the day when the warning was delivered, the captain was standing on a street corner, looking

very much like one who was "waiting for something to turn up." For several days the captain spent most of his time on the conspicuous street corners of the town, but it was noticeable that the "fighting man" was not as much in evidence as was his wont. He had caught sight of the captain's stalwart form and he had read something in the lines of the captain's furrowed face that prompted him to seek the counsel of friends. To one of these friends the "fighting man" appealed, suggesting that he take the lead in effecting a compromise. This friend, who was a bit disgusted, asked the "fighting man" why he did not go in search of the captain and carry out his threat? The "fighting man" replied: "I don't like the looks of that old duffer a bit! They tell me, also, that he's a fatalist. What chance would I have with a man of that kind? I'd be afraid that his bullets might hit me at any minute, and he'd know that my bullets wouldn't hit him unless his time had come." Through the intercession of this friend peace was established. He had no trouble with the captain, because, being a man of real courage, he had no desire to fight.

We can not always tell just where we will find real courage, nor can we aways determine by a man's conduct whether he is brave or cowardly. A gentleman of national repute, for several years lieutenant governor of a western state, and at one time first assistant secretary of war, had occasion many years ago to visit a Wisconsin town. There he called at the office of a man against whom he had commenced a law suit. The man attacked him, and in the lan-

guage of one of the daily papers he "ran like a whitehead." Whether he ran just that way or not, it is very certain that he sought safety in flight, and some people concluded that this showed that he was a coward. But Nebraskans who had had occasion to see this gentleman's courage tested were not surprised when they learned of a little incident that took place, perhaps twelve months later, on a Washington City street. A man had stabbed a companion to death, and flourishing his bloody knife above his head warned the bystanders not to interfere with him. The man who in Wisconsin "ran like a whitehead," happened to be passing. Pushing his way through the great crowd he walked up to the murderer, demanding his surrender, and, with the very plain determination in his demeanor, compelling compliance with his demand.

One of the tenderest of men, and one of the bravest, was the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois infantry regiment. All of the men of that regiment knew of this surgeon's tenderness; until the episode to which reference is about to be made occured, all of the men of that regiment did not know of his great courage. A major in the Seventh Illinois tells the interesting story. On one occasion a pompous division surgeon was inspecting the temporary hospital erected for the benefit of the Seventh Illinois boys. The division surgeon had with him a company of friends, and the entire party seemed well impressed with its importance. The regimental surgeon escorted the party through the hospital, describing each case as they came to it. When they reached the cot of one man

who had been severely wounded in the hip the division surgeon, who was considerably more of a dress parade man than a man of science, cruelly jabbed his thumb into the wound. Although this division surgeon was his superior officer the surgeon of the Seventh Illinois seized him and with an angry exclamation threw him half way across the hospital floor, at the same time uttering what the major says was the only epithet he ever heard from the lips of the righteously indignant doctor. Then the regimental surgeon, completely ignoring the presence of his superior and the members of his party, turned his attention to the alleviation of the pain of the injured soldier who had screamed with agony at the division surgeon's touch. "It was the bravest act I ever saw," said the major, "and we expected at any moment that a guard would be sent under instructions to place our surgeon under arrest on the charge of assaulting a superior officer. Every man in the regiment loved the Seventh Illinois surgeon, and while we admired his courage, we could not help but regret his bad judgment. But for some reason or other, no action was ever taken. Perhaps the superior officer thought it would be just as well to let well enough alone."

Under the warden of a western penitentiary, the lock-step, that abominable pretense at discipline which is humiliating to everyone required to witness it, as it must be to every one required to engage in it, has been abolished. A system has been adopted whereby men may avoid the hated stripes. When a man enters the prison he is required to wear the striped garb for a period of six months. If his conduct has

been good during that time he may then discard the stripes, donning a neat uniform of gray, and this uniform he is permitted to keep during good behavior. If he offends, then as a punishment the stripes are again placed upon him, and he must wear them for another six months, when, if he has behaved well, they are removed.

The prisoners are so averse to the stripes that this warden has found that this is about the only method of punishment necessary. Indeed, except perhaps in two cases where desperate men have made assaults upon guards, it has not been necessary, for some time, to resort to the solitary confinement plan or other forms of cruel punishment.

One of the essential methods of advancing prison reform is to place prisoners under the control of men of kindly impulse, men who recognize the fact that even though these unfortunate creatures are deprived of their liberty they are yet human beings, and it is the duty of society, and society's agents, to make their lot as happy as possible under the circumstances. This warden is one of these men, and he has made such progress in his reforms, and such improvements in the methods of conducting a state penitentiary that when the stranger goes there he finds his visit robbed of much of the distressing sights that usually press upon the attention of a visitor to a prison.

Recently the warden was showing a party through the prison. Among them was a charming woman who, after the party had spent some time in the warden's company, remarked to a companion that the warden reminded her very much of her father, who

had died a few years ago. When the tour had been concluded, and the party reached the warden's office, this woman turning to the warden asked:

"Well, do these prisoners mind you?"

The warden rather hesitatingly replied: "Oh, yes, of course they mind me."

Then she asked: "But are they afraid of you?"

The warden laughingly answered: "Oh, I don't know that they are particularly afraid of me."

Promptly and with great earnestness—her fine eyes filled with tears, drawn doubtless by the resemblance between this big bodied and big hearted warden and her own good father—this charming woman said: "Well, I wouldn't mind you! I wouldn't be afraid of you one bit!"

Coming as it did, it was one of the prettiest compliments ever given.

In one respect this fair visitor was right; in another she was wrong. Convicts are not afraid of such men as this warden, but they "mind" them. Like other men who are great in real courage and genuine strength, this warden is great in kindness and in love.

"Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in war are great in love.
The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear."

KILLING MEN

MANY years ago a hanging took place at a little town in Arkansas. The victim of the law's lawlessness was known as a "bad man." From all portions of the surrounding country men, women and children had gathered to take in the awful sight of a man being put to death by civilized society. A singing teacher more or less famous in the neighborhood, was conspicuous on that occasion. The condemned man, manacled at wrist and ankle, was seated in front of the judge's stand in the great court room, which was crowded with people. A fine old preacher delivered a fine old sermon, and then the singing teacher took his place in the front and announced that while they were singing a hymn those who desired could pass the prisoner and bid him goodbye. In single file the people marched before the condemned man. Tears were coursing down the cheeks of most of them, and many women and children were sobbing with emotion as they grasped the hand of that healthy yet dying man, and all joined under the leadership of that never to be forgotten choir master in the singing of the hymn, "Oh, tell me, Brother, will you meet me on Canaan's happy Shore?"

Later, when the scaffold had been reached and the noose and the black cap had been adjusted, that same choir master stepped to the front and invited the immense throng to join him in singing that fearfully appropriate hymn, "O, Come, Angel Band, and Bear me Away on your Snowy Wings."

Reference to this incident recalls the fact that the American people are making some progress along these lines. In many states it is decreed by law that executions shall take place in the state prison, thus relieving the community in which the crime was committed from the disturbances incident to a public execution. No state that has tried this reform could be persuaded to return to the old plan.

But a better sign is the evidently growing tendency against capital punishment. Not long ago in the city of Omaha so much difficulty was encountered in securing a jury whose members would permit the infliction of the death penalty that the attempt was abandoned. The county attorney permitted a sentence to life imprisonment, upon the plea of guilty, and, somehow or other, every one felt relieved.

The arguments against capital punishment are too well known to require restatement at this time. They are in the heart of every man. In the absence of that deep personal interest that cries for vengeance or in the abandonment of the foolish notion that men in mass must slay in order to prevent individuals from murder—those arguments force their way to the front and cluster around the centerpiece provided in the divine command "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

If I had ever believed in capital punishment I am sure that my observations at this Arkansas town would have converted me. Being a correspondent in a neighboring town for a St. Louis newspaper, I was detailed to report the execution. I arrived at the little town the night before the hanging took place, and spent the night with the condemned man. It

was only natural that those experiences should have a marked impression upon one of my age at the time; I was then but 19 years of age; yet subsequent experiences and observations have but confirmed my opposition to the infliction of the death penalty.

Physically the condemned man was a fine specimen of manhood. He did not look like an assassin. Yet while he claimed that he was innocent of the particular crime for which he was to be executed, he admitted that he had killed several men, for which crimes he had not been called to account. I do not mean to undertake—and, in truth, I am incapable of giving—a recital of the experiences of that night. During all the long hours—and they were the longest that I have ever spent—this man sat with the bible in his hand. There grew up between him and myself what seemed to be a strong and stalwart friendship. It is strange how closely one may be drawn to a fellow being in a short time under such circumstances. He did not expect to die. He really believed that the governor would reprieve him, and every time the door was opened he looked up, evidently expecting that the message had arrived. I shall never forget the dawn of that day. I was perhaps awaiting the looked for message as anxiously as was the convicted man himself. It was at the first sight of sunshine that the condemned man settling himself comfortably in his chair said: "Well, it will be here soon, now." And turning to me, he added: "We won't have to worry much longer, old fellow." Ten minutes later we found that there was no necessity for "worrying much longer." The message came, and it was

the mere announcement that the governor would not interfere and that the execution must proceed.

It was plain that the condemned man, like all others against whom the whole world has seemed to turn, was not averse to sympathy, and, perhaps for the first time in the many years of his ill-spent life, he appreciated the companionship of one, who, while finding no excuse for his crimes, pitied him for his fate. At his urgent invitation I rode beside him to the gallows. Just before he died I bade him good-bye and hurried away to send my dispatches. While I was greatly disturbed by the experiences through which I had passed, I was, after all, glad that I had received the assignment because there was then, and is now, ringing in my ears the words of that dying man who was strong and brave to the last: "Good-bye, old fellow. I'm mighty glad you came. You helped me a whole lot, and you've been a good friend to me in these last hours."

I had only known the man for perhaps twenty-four hours, but it seemed to me like a life-time, and I did not doubt then, as I do not doubt now, what would happen should it ever come to pass that I had the power to save a human life.

The time will yet come when civilized society will set itself squarely against the death penalty. Men will yet be forced to admit, as they must now know, that

"Ef you take a sword and draw it,
An go stick a feller thru,
Gov'ment ain't to answer for it—
God'll send the bill to you."

GOVERNOR HOGG'S MONUMENT

OME time prior to his death the late Governor Hogg of Texas speaking to his children said:

"I want no monument of stone or marble. Let my children plant at the head of my grave a pecan tree and at the foot an old-fashioned walnut. And when these trees shall bear let the pecans and the walnuts be given out among the plain people of Texas so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

What better monument could any man ask? There is something so intensely practical about Governor Hogg's suggestion that it would be well if men generally could adopt his view on the monument question. In this country, as in other countries, fortunes are wasted in the erection of monuments of stone or marble, and these do not serve to perpetuate the memory of the one in whose honor they are erected, while they are of no practical service to society. If some of the vast sums spent in the erection of monuments of marble and of stone had been used for the establishment of orphan asylums or of old people's homes, the memory of the one in whose name such contributions were given would be more lasting.

We are told that Governor Hogg's children intend to carry out his wishes in this respect. The people of Texas, grateful to this man for the services he gave to the public interests, will not be slow in gathering at his grave in order that while doing honor to his

memory, they may secure a seed consecrated with his dust, plant it in Texas soil, and make the Lone Star state "a land of trees."

It is at once a beautiful and a practical suggestion. It is eminently characteristic of the man who made it. He was a plain American citizen, having supreme contempt for the foibles and the vanities of life. It is related that while Governor Hogg was visiting in England the American minister offered to present him at the court of the king. Governor Hogg accepted the invitation and arrayed himself in evening dress. He was told that in order to be presented to the king he must be fitted out in knee breeches and other regalia peculiar to the court. Governor Hogg revolted, and promptly declined the invitation, saying that in evening dress he could be presented to the president of the United States, and if that apparel was good enough for the American White House it was good enough for the court of a king.

Who knows but what Governor Hogg's suggestion with respect to a monument may be the beginning of a great and necessary reform in that line? To many people it has seemed strange that we have clung so tenaciously to the foolish custom of seeking to perpetuate tender memories by the erection of useless stone. It is, of course, proper that the memories of men who have given faithful service to society be preserved, but this end may be better attained when the method adopted serves in a practical way as a reminder of their worth. Governor Hogg will live in the memory of Texans for many years to come because of his faithful service to the people, and so long as the

pecan tree and the walnut tree that are to be planted at his grave give forth seed, in order to make Texas "a land of trees," rising generations will be reminded of his good deeds.

It may be true that after a while thinking men and women will bring about some other essential reforms with respect to the dead. Many people are impressed with the idea that we have all too long adhered to the mourning customs which prevail today, but which, properly, belong to the dark ages. No service can be rendered the dead by these outward displays of grief, while those who at the moment need all the relief that is within the power of humans to bestow are not aided by the somber display attendant upon our funeral ceremonies. Sometime in the not distant future the band of crepe on the man's hat, and the heavy black in the widow's apparel will be abolished. Instead of the black ribbon on the door knob there will be a wreath of flowers, and in every particular the ceremonies will be robbed of that outward display which if it represents anything at all, indicates an utter hopelessness directly at variance with the faith most of us profess. The immense sums of money now spent in the purchase of cut flowers that wither on the grave will be diverted —and in the name of the dead—to sweet charity. We will plant and cultivate the rose, the violet and the "forget-me-nots of the angels" in the soil where our beloved sleep; but we will turn resolutely away from all temptations to that vain display which makes mockery of grief and gives affront to the memory of one whose life was devoted to the service of his fellows.

"A GRAND OLD MAN"

EACH year at Christmas the friends of Santa Claus find it necessary to combat the efforts of those who would have the world reject the grand old man.

"The world is growing too old and too wise for Santa Claus. It has made up its mind that it will have none of him." This is a sample of the statements made by the skeptics of this period.

A New York newspaper recently summed up the arguments made by the enemies of Santa Claus in this way:

> "But on the whole the truth-tellers have the best of it. This is a practical age, and the tendency is toward bald, bare, absolute truth in everything."

But the truth-tellers are certainly not among those who are so practical that they make bold, through a mistaken notion of duty, to deny the existence of Santa Claus.

According to this New York newspaper the "truth-tellers" say that "when the child's world is peopled with the sort of folk that one must lie awake at night to see—as one does for Santa Claus on Christmas Eve—he must grow up under the disadvantage of having at every step to free his mind from a delusion, an error, a wrong belief." Well, the child's world in all the years of Christendom has been peopled with just that sort of folk; in all the years of Christendom

little children on Christmas Eve have shoved the "sand man" farther and farther away, and have strained their little ears in the effort to hear the footsteps of the good old Saint whose existence, as whose coming, they have never for a moment doubted. Yet during all these years children have grown to manhood and womanhood, and they have never found themselves handicapped in the struggle with the great duties of life because they spent their childhood within the hallowed precincts where the existence of Santa Claus is recognized and the skeptic is barred.

"Kriss Kringle" is the patron saint in Germany, and it is known by the well informed in that portion of the earth that he actually made his rounds on Christmas Eve and dropped down the chimney gifts for the good and obedient. In Russia it is Saint Nicholas, and it is not denied that he was a real man who lived about 300 A. D. We are told that this man was a noted bishop whose name, because of his good deeds and generous acts, became a synonym for kindness and generosity. According to one story, this good old saint, clad in fur from top to toe, was in the habit of going around in a sleigh drawn by fleet footed reindeers. From one of his thoughtful acts came the custom of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve. It is said that a poor nobleman in Russia, having no money with which to provide marriage dowers for his three daughters, was about to force them to support themselves by a degrading life. Saint Nicholas learning the facts, passed the nobleman's house one Christmas Eve, and threw a purse of gold, shaped as a slipper, through the window. On the following night the

second daughter received a similar gift, and the third night the youngest daughter detected the good old saint throwing a stocking filled with gold into her window. In this way a dower was provided for each daughter, and from these incidents is said to have grown the custom of placing gifts in shoes and stockings on Christmas Eve.

From these reputable ancestors the Santa Claus of today is descended.

Santa Claus is not a myth, the so-called truth-tellers to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a real being who acts; and so strong is his personality, so inspiring are his characteristics, that he sways the hearts of men in every clime where the crucifix is the emblem and Christ is the Master.

Who would begrudge the world the happiness it has obtained from its conception of the generous old messenger of Christmas Eve? Who would withhold from men the inspiration Santa Claus has given? Who would tear from the life book of "of such is the kingdom of heaven" its best and brightest chapter?

Here's to Santa Claus! May his shadow never grow less! He is the annual reminder that "I am my brother's keeper." He is the walking delegate of the Brotherhood of Man. He is the living exemplar of the Sermon on the Mount; the Declaration of Independence might have been written within his tool shop; and the treaties declaring peace between warring peoples might have been framed upon his workbench.

The duties of Santa Claus are not confined to the filling of children's stockings. Where women have fallen he gives words of cheer and extends a helping

hand. Where hope is dead within the breasts of men, he revives it. Where God's creatures are naked he provides clothes; where they are hungry he gives food; where they are disconsolate he gives encouragement. And whenever in the horizon of a life there is not to be seen a single star, he touches the situation with his magic wand and, lo and behold, in that same horizon there is not to be found a single cloud.

In the life of the adult he is a strong and permanent force, according to the alacrity with which men turn from the shadows to the sunbeams, and the earnestness with which they cultivate those habits of thought that lead men upward and onward.

In the life of the child—ah, that is where the good old saint is at his best! There he is at his best not only for the happiness he brings to the little ones, but because that happiness is of the contagious kind and results in the distribution of blessings and sunshine and in the cultivation of love and joy and optimism —even sometimes among eminently practical men and women who, mingling with the little ones as they empty their stockings on Christmas morning may learn that "it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

This New York newspaper asks how it would seem to have placed over the door of the little shop at the North Pole the sign:

Santa Claus Forced
Out of Business.

When such a sign has been placed above the banking houses, the counting rooms and the factories of the land; when hope has died within the hearts of men;

when love has faded from the earth; when civilization has been acknowledged a failure; when it has been conceded that might is above right; when men have turned from all that is good and noble and tender within this vale of tears, then it will be time enough to place such a sign above the workshop of this grand old man. He has done more to cultivate love, and more to increase the sum of human happiness than any other brought into being since the heavenly host sang, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men," and the wise men of the east poured their treasures into the manger at Bethlehem.

BURDENS OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

PRIOR to Christmas Day in the year of 1905, a Cleveland, Ohio, newspaper printed the following:

"Christmas was foreshadowed in the county recorder's office last week. Day after day it became more evident that December 25 was pretty close at hand.

"A glance at the office force and their extra work told the story. The number of chattel mortgages increased in proportion as Christmas drew nearer. Yesterday they came in by the score. This week the number will probably be greater still.

"The mortgages tell the story of the way hundreds of families are getting their money for Christmas presents. They look upon a few 'plasters' on household effects as mere nothing, when balanced against the joy of giving. The amounts range all the way from $25 to $300 and some are for even more.

"The practice is an old one, but of late years the observation is made that chattel mortgages are becoming more and more popular in these parts prior and during the holiday season.

"Toys must be bought for the children—there must be turkey and real presents for the older folks, regardless of the day of reckoning."

The burdens of the Christmas season are becoming well nigh unbearable. Men and women are embarrassed in the selection of gifts for friends, and if one of

two friends happens to be poor, while the other is rich, it is humiliating to the former not to be able to give to his friend a present that shall equal in cost the one he receives. As a result in all too many cases, men and women plunge themselves into debt in order to keep up with the mad pace set by some of their wealthy acquaintances.

"To be remembered" by one's friend is particularly gratifying during the Christmas season and the desired result may be accomplished just as well through some inexpensive token as by a costly gift. Some progress along this line has recently been made by individuals who, having heretofore embarrassed themselves by the distribution of expensive gifts to a few of their friends, have made it possible to remember practically all of their friends by sending to each one a pretty Christmas card engraved with appropriate greetings. It would be well if this custom could grow to the end that the desired result may be attained.

Nor is it necessary that the gifts to the children be expensive ones. It is well known by those having experience in the child's world that the little one upon whom costly gifts are lavished does not derive from the occasion nearly so much pleasure as the child who receives a few inexpensive toys and perhaps along with them a pair of gloves, a warm cap, or some other article which, while serving as a "remembrance" and providing for the child's pleasure, will at the same time provide substantially for the child's necessities.

Unquestionably "the time is ripe for an agitation along this line." Men and women everywhere have felt the heavy burdens consequent upon the exchange

of high-priced gifts. It requires considerable courage for men and women to break away from custom, but if the press will agitate this very essential reform, and if men and women generally will resolve to restore the Christmas celebration to its real place, there will be fewer debts incurred through the demands of the Christmas season while that season will lose none of its pleasures. Indeed, the pleasures will be greatly increased because while we are enjoying them the shadow of debts that must be met will not be hanging over us. Our contemplation of the season will not be continually disturbed by thoughts of the sacrifices we must sooner or later make. We will not be continually thinking of the day of judgment to which our creditors will certainly summon us. There will not be running continually through our minds the strains of that negro melody which serves well as a warning to those who would thoughtlessly incur obligations: "What ye gwine to do when the rent comes around? What ye gwine to say, how ye gwine to pay, what ye gwine to do when the rent comes around?"

There are many men and women who so embarrass themselves in the purchase of gifts for their friends that they are unable to discharge their obligations to the poor. If the customs of the Christmas season were reformed there need be no empty stockings and no barren Christmas dinner tables in all this land. The expenditures of the Christmas season could be brought within that reasonable sum that would avoid financial embarrassment yet at the same time leaving an ample margin for the discharge of the debt every

one of us owes to those of our fellows who through sickness or other misfortune must depend upon outside assistance not only for their Christmas cheer but for the actual necessities of life.

Men and women should strive to reform some of the methods for the celebration of the Christmas season to the end that that season may be observed in the very spirit to which that grand old man—Santa Claus—owes his existence.

The grand old man for whom we speak is not a walking delegate for the chattel mortgage shop. It is not his mission to increase the burdens of the weary mother, or to multiply the embarrassments of the father. He gives no encouragement to the contest between friends in the effort to see which can give the costliest present. He is not the sponsor for empty stockings or barren larders. He is not the promoter of extravagance. He is the missionary of love, the representative of a perfect democracy where every human being having the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is entitled, equal with every other human being, to the joys and pleasures of the period which marks his coming.

Here's to Santa Claus again! May he witness upon his next visit the establishment of essential reforms in the celebration of the greatest of all days.

THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

A CONVICT in the Maryland penitentiary, determined to reform, has adopted a novel means to that end. A writer in a Richmond (Va.) newspaper, tells the story in this way:

"His scheme is to make a chart from day to day of his thoughts. He takes a piece of paper and marks it off into squares. At the top of the sheet he writes "Purity," "Generosity," "Kindness," "Behavior," "Report," "Truthfulness," "Sincerity." For every good thought he gives himself credit, and for every evil thought he makes a bad score. If he manages to pass a day without being the victim of any evil thoughts, he marks an X in the block, which means perfect.

"In other terms, this young man keeps a daily account with himself, and it is good 'bookkeeping.' The philosophy of life is to live one day at a time and have a reckoning at night. The man who will follow this rule and keep an honest score, crediting himself with his good thoughts and good deeds, and charging the bad thoughts and evil deeds against him, is apt by and by to fall into the habit of working in his own interest, so to speak, from day to day, so as to make as favorable an exhibit as possible when the reckoning time comes at nightfall. Why may not one fall into habits of thrift and enterprise in

promoting his moral welfare as in promoting his material welfare? This youth in the Maryland penitentiary has given us all a hint worth thinking about."

An Omaha lawyer, who for many years has served on the Nebraska district bench, has a bright little boy who, like other little boys before him, finds it difficult at times to keep in the straight and narrow path. This lad's name is Murray. He occupies a trundle bed in his parents' room, and has the habit of getting up in the night time and awakening his parents, pleading for the privilege of sharing their couch. One night he had indulged this habit once or twice and was reproved, promising that in the future he would be "dood." The following night, about one or two o'clock his parents were aroused by the child's sobs, and the mother enquiring as to the cause of his grief, the little fellow exclaimed:

"Muddie, it's awful hard to be dood!"

Not long ago a little boy who had frequently been reproved by his mother for his "badness," entered her room, and putting his little hand on her shoulder said: "Mamma, won't you please let me be bad just for fifteen minutes?"

It is not at all strange that these little folks find it hard to put down their mischievousness when even their elders find it so difficult to avoid real meanness.

To avoid the evils to which flesh seems to be heir requires constant struggle on the part of men, and while it is, perhaps, not practicable for every one to keep books like the Maryland convict, every one would find it advantageous if he required a daily reckoning

between the "two men" who are in every one of us thus seeking, as the Richmond newspaper suggests, "to make as favorable an exhibit as possible."

Great faults grow from small weaknesses; disastrous results come from what, in the beginning, seem inconsequential lapses. It would be well if the little folks could be taught early in life the value of little things, not only for the purpose of economy so far as money is concerned, but as a help toward the correct life. A writer in a Chicago newspaper gives a hint of "the value of little things" when he says:

> From waste paper alone one railroad last year realized $5,000.
>
> Pins, pens, nails, old brooms, bottles, tin cans and worn out machinery of all sorts are gathered up along the route by all the railway companies and turned into money. Even the ashes are sold or utilized for improving the road bed.
>
> These things seem small to command the attention of a rich railway company. But it must be remembered that the railway company is rich largely because it looks after the little things.
>
> The greatest corporations in the world are not above taking care of the fractions of pennies.
>
> The railroad scrap-heap of the country last year reached the value of $1,250,000—a most respectable sum of money, notwithstanding it came from picked-up pins and paper, old nails and old brooms.

If some man who has lived long enough to recognize the mistakes of his life could reduce those mistakes to figures, giving to even what at the time seemed

to be the smallest of these errors their proper place in the column, he would render distinct service to society.

Every profane word uttered, every unkind act committed, every impure thought tolerated, every enmity cultivated, every piece of folly makes some contribution to the list of errors and weakens the structure of character undergoing the building process. On the other hand where, at every step in life, an effort is made to cultivate in thought and deed those things suggested by the better man within us, the good results count up rapidly.

Between the "two men" within every one of us, it is, as the politicians would say, "a long and heated struggle." Every time the better man wins a victory he finds, somehow or other, new strength for the succeeding contest; and one who in the process of character-building ignores these small things works upon the sand, where the man who places a proper estimate upon them builds upon the rocks.

MILESTONES ON LOVE'S PATHWAY

THE "riddle solvers" are filling the newspapers with suggestions as to the best method of disposing of the "marriage problem," by which they mean, in truth, the divorce evil. One would think that the holy institution upon which the world's homes are built and through which the world's peace is made possible had come to be regarded as an experiment, and admitted to be, as a general rule, an experiment that has failed. But the failure is not with the institution itself. It is with the individual and, comparatively speaking, is only with a few individuals. So admirable is the institution that it has stood the test of time and survived the faults and the follies of most of the men and the women who have taken advantage of it.

Various "remedies" have been suggested and some who are so foolish as to imagine that they even think they think, suggest that marriages be contracted for a five or ten-year period, with the right to renew if both parties agree. It is unnecessary to dwell upon any proposition in which it is assumed that the marriage tie is not the holiest of all earthly bonds. Some one ought, however, to register a protest—in the name of the married lovers living and the married lovers dead—against the effort to make it appear that the institution should be judged in the records of the divorce courts rather than in the archives of civilization. When a uniform divorce law

is adopted by all the states the divorce evil will have been reduced to the minimum. But even with the undoubtedly large number of divorce suits, marriage is by no means a failure. In the language of a great statesman, it has "done more toward the peace, happiness, settlement, and civilization of the world than any other part of the whole scheme of divine wisdom."

"All the world loves a lover." It is interested in the youthful sweethearts gathered at the trysting place, but its profound admiration is commanded by the picture of the husbands and wives who are the sweethearts of today, even as they were the sweethearts of twenty or thirty years ago. No opportunity should be lost by those who have found that marriage is not a failure to impress their convictions upon the rising generation. In this effort they will be greatly helped by reference to a little volume prepared by a New York woman as a gift to her husband, the gift to mark the end of the second decade of their wedded happiness.

The book referred to is a collection of letters and poems written to a charming woman by her husband and compiled for the purpose of commemorating the anniversaries of their married life of twenty years. On their twentieth anniversary this happy wife distributed among her friends 300 copies of this little volume.

She explained that her purpose in giving publicity to the book was to "teach husbands and wives that wedding anniversaries are good things to remember,

for they recall a tenderness and affection that should not be forgotten."

The little volume was entitled "Milestones on Love's Pathway," and in the dedication, addressing her husband, the compiler said:

> "Accept this little compilation of some of the very many beautiful letters you have written to me. I have called them 'Milestones on Love's Pathway.' May they recall to you the happy occasions, and may the thought that I have preserved them inspire you to continue these lovely milestones—which mark the way on the road of happiness, strewn with your kind deeds and loving affections."

Such things as these are not intended for the eyes of men and women whose feet are not familiar with the holy ground to which they lead; but in cottage and in castle, all over this broad land, there are thousands of men and women with whom marriage has been successful. There are in the homes of America thousands of caskets that are filled with just such love letters as these, written in many cases, by a gray-haired lover to a gray-haired sweetheart. In this day, when we are apt to judge of the institution of marriage by the records of the divorce courts, it is instructive, as it is refreshing, to be reminded that that institution is to be judged by the experience of those into whose domestic life has come some tempest, but much sunshine, rather than by the experiments of those who have seen all tempest and no sunshine.

It is safe to say that these lines will be read by many men who after years of wedded life, may in all truth say: "The wife is dearer than the bride."

We need to impress these things upon the boys and girls now growing into manhood and womanhood. We need to impress upon them the fact that the home is the hearthstone of civilization, and that the wedding day must not terminate the period of courtship if governments resting upon the home are to be preserved.

MENDING GOD'S LAW.

A NEWSPAPER dispatch from St. Louis tells of the finding of the body of a sixty year old man who had committed suicide because he was barred from work by the age limit. He left a note saying that he agreed with the theory that when a man reached a certain age he should be chloroformed, adding: "An old man and a poor man has no place on earth. I am broke and no one will give me work. They look at me with a smile, and say, 'We've got a man.' This is no temporary insanity on my part."

This is the most pathetic of the several similar incidents all growing out of a scientist's absurd recommendation. The recommendation, considered by itself, is not in the least serious, but when we remember that the tendencies of the times seem to be strictly in accord with it, and that in many instances aged men who have taken their lives have referred to "the theory," then that theory becomes of general importance and interest to society.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more pathetic than the death of this St. Louis man. According to his own statement, he was old and poor and he imagined that he "had no business on earth." Because he was aged, no one would give him work, and when his body was found in Forest Park we are told that "clutched affectionately in one of the cold

hands was a baby's shoe which he had evidently carried in his pocket for years."

Many will recognize in that baby's shoe a link that should have bound this man to his life until it was claimed by his Maker.

According to "the theory," the man who is more than 40 years of age has passed the period of usefulness while the one who is more than 60 should be chloroformed.

There is, of course, no danger that the chloroform proposition will be adopted, and therefore the important part relates to the 40-year proposition. This is so because of the growing tendency on the part of great corporations and other large employers to refuse to give employment to men who have passed the age of 40 years and to get rid of such men already in their service as rapidly as possible. If a man is in health there is no reason why he should not be at his very best after he has passed the age of 40 years; and there is no reason why a man should not be in perfect health at that age, so far as the mere wastes of time are concerned.

The disposition to establish the 40-year limit upon the usefulness of men is one of the greatest dangers threatening our civilization. Whenever that limit shall be generally recognized among employers, then it will be quite the proper thing, in all seriousness, to advocate the proposition that the man who has passed 40 years shall be escorted to some secluded spot and put to death.

Our civilization is, indeed, a wretched affair if it has brought us to the conclusion that two score years shall mark the termination of a man's life. Our pro-

gress must have been rapid if the business houses, the professional offices, the workshops and the corporation headquarters can best conduct their affairs without that calm and dispassionate consideration, that wide experience, that devotion to duty and that industry which, as a rule, is marked among men who have passed their 40th year, but which is often conspicuous largely because of its absence among less matured men.

Such a rule as the 40-year limit cannot long stand the test of intelligence. It is the outgrowth of the peculiar age through which we are passing, an age described by some as the "age of gold," by others, and without large distinction from the foregoing definition, as the "age of greed," and by others as the "trust age." Corporation organizers, greedy to grasp every penny within or without their sight, are anxious to put all possible pressure upon men whom they employ and obtain what they believe will be the highest possible results. They want not men but slaves; they want every ounce of result, even though to obtain it they wring the last drop of blood from their hired man's veins. They are mistaken when they think they cannot get the very highest results from the healthy man who has passed his 40th year. But, as the corporationist closes his eyes to the fact that by his oppressions of the people he is laying up serious trouble for himself in the future, he gives no consideration to the history of the human race in all the ages and in all the lands, a history that serves as a stinging rebuke to the rule he now seeks to make against the lives of men.

Better let prevail the good old rule, "A man's a man for a' that and a' that." Better "let every tub stand

on its own bottom." Let the man who is capable of earning a salary be given the chance and permitted to draw that salary as long as he shall discharge his duty faithfully and well, regardless of the number of years he shall have spent in this vale of tears.

If in the average city every man who has passed the age of 40 were discharged, that city's business machine would be at a standstill. While we would, undoubtedly, have a large supply of "young blood in commerce," pay days would be few and far between, and the newspapers—if, indeed, there were any newspapers under those conditions—would be filled with the announcements of business failures.

We are told that the old Hindoo saw, in his dream, the human race led out to its various fortunes. "First, men were in chains that went back to an iron hand; then he saw them led by threads from the brain, which went upward to an unseen hand. The first was despotism, iron, and ruling by force; the last was civilization, ruling by ideas."

Ideas that kill hope and destroy life, ideas that are repugnant to God's eternal laws, can have no permanent place in a civilization worthy of the name. "God never made His work for man to mend." We have been told that "age does not depend upon years, but upon temperament and health; some men are born old and some never grow so." And experience has justified the fine statement made by a distinguished writer that among many men, even when the spirit dies out with increasing age, "the power of intellect is unaltered or increased and an originally educated judgment grows broader and gentler as the river of life widens out to the everlasting sea."

A "LONELY" HEART

A NEWSPAPER writer referring to a famous actor to whose memory the world was just then paying tribute, said that he "carried a lonely heart with him wherever he went." It was related that on one occasion this actor said:

"With the applause of the theatre still ringing in my ears, with the memory of the kind faces still blazoned in my memory, with the consciousness that I have won the affection of multitudes whom I can never meet in person, I have often gone home from the theatre feeling utterly desolate and alone—yearning for the intimate human companionship which fate has denied me."

Another editor referring to this statement, said: "No stronger note of pathos was ever struck," adding:

"In how many hearts has such an echo sounded! Men and women there are in plenty, we venture to say, who have gone through life, apparently crowned with the honors of an admiring people, with naught but an ache in their heart and a longing for one touch of a hand, one sound of a voice. We phlegmatic ones, who are content to accept what fate holds out to us and who make of our little joys the sum and substance of human happiness, have but little conception of the eternal gloom in which some souls walk. We may be thankful that the artistic temperament is not ours, we may be glad that our nerves are

sound and our brains free from mold, but the pathos of the situation of those accursed as was Irving appeals to us nevertheless."

There are a "mighty heap" of people in this world for a man upon whom great honors have been showered to retire to his domicile "feeling utterly desolate and alone—yearning for the intimate human companionship" which, as he says, "fate has denied me."

It is absurd for a man occupying the position held by the great actor to talk about "carrying a lonely heart" with him "wherever he went." It is absurd for men of strength and intelligence to say that when they "yearn for intimate human companionship" fate denies them the boon.

There are in this fine old world of ours, so many helpless and uninfluential men and women who yearn for "intimate human companionship" and who are unable because of their poverty-stricken condition to realize upon their ambitions that it seems the height of absurdity for a man who has—so far as financial condition is concerned—everything the heart could wish, to say that he is denied that which, as it were, is waiting at his very door.

"Intimate human companionship," indeed! All over this world today men and women, poor and helpless, so far as world's goods are concerned, yet rich in heart and intellect, are waiting willing and anxious to give, without money and without price, the very thing which, according to the late actor, was the only thing lacking to the completion of his perfect life.

Where the newspaper editor herein quoted sees boundless pathos in what he calls the actor's "artistic temperament," others may see nothing but wasted opportunities. Wherever this actor went he was crowned with honors, and yet we are told that he had "an ache in his heart and a longing for one touch of a hand, one sound of a voice!"

Well, there are many men and women who are poorer than this actor was, and some men and women who are richer than he was, who have "an ache in the heart." But not all of these have made the mistake which he seems to have made. He would not have carried a "lonely heart" if he had helped to bear the burdens of others, and sought the great benefits always to be derived by one who, displaying tender sympathies and giving kind words, casts his bread upon the waters, not necessarily that it may return to him in many days, but rather in order that he may derive the best results from life.

There is on earth today altogether too much suffering and sorrow for any man, himself beyond the distress of physical wants, to "carry a lonely heart." There are too many tears to be dried, too many sobs to be checked, too many naked limbs to be clothed, too many empty stomachs to be filled, too many hopeless and heartsick men and women to be encouraged, for a man, stalwart in health and powerful in finances, as this great actor was, to "carry a lonely heart."

On one occasion John Randolph, of Roanoke, spent the night at a southern home. On the following morning he mounted his horse in a group of slaves and was about to ride away when the mistress of

the home presented him a subscription list for the benefit of the Armenians. Hastily returning the paper to his fair hostess, John Randolph waved his hand over the group of slaves, and said: "Madam, the Armenians are at your own doors."

At the door of every human being opportunity is knocking; it is not always the opportunity of building libraries or of founding collegiate professorships; but it is the opportunity of giving words of comfort and of cheer to men and women who are struggling under heavy loads and who in many cases need but a word to inspire them to new and holier effort.

A man whose entire life has been devoted to good deeds, and yet with whom poverty and misfortune seem to have been constant companions, recently complimented a fellow upon certain of his efforts, and added: "Such efforts will bring much more from you to others than from others to you; but that is the way of this life's gigantic panorama of the universe within our view; some seem destined to receive and some seem destined to give."

It may have been that this great actor was "destined to receive." It may have been that with all of his successes he had failed to learn how much better it is to give than to receive.

Some one has written that "nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another." The man who so incumbers himself has wasted his best opportunities and, as it may have been in this case, has "carried a lonely heart"—even unto the grave.

Men obtain the best from life when they cultivate those tender sentiments which cluster around the eternal truth: "I am my brother's keeper." Confronting every human being is the duty to grasp every opportunity not only to advance public interests but to ameliorate individual misfortune.

For years, and for years, in the nurseries of America tired children have been lulled to sleep by the sweet music of a mother's song; for years, and for years, that song has been the choicest of the nursery rhymes; it has refreshed sweet mother singers, relieved troubled fathers, and given to the little ones for whose benefit it was sung an inspiration and a guide for their future life. Every man and woman who has grown up within the memory of that tender verse has had the inspiration to make the world happier and better; every human life whose conduct has been moulded along the lines of that simple song, has provided material contribution to the sum of human happiness. Every man and woman who has profited by the lessons of that little verse has made a reasonable success in life, even though wealth and position were denied. In every hour of our existence every one of us needs to be reminded of that song. Written in letters of gold it should be displayed in the apartments of every king, of every public official, of every busy merchant, of every man and of every woman who needs to be reminded that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. Like a sweet echo from the past, as a stirring reminder of the present, as a high inspiration for the future, the simple words of this little song comes to us today: "Little drops of water, little

grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, help to make earth happy like the heaven above."

The poet who complained of the "hermit souls that live withdrawn in the place of their self-content" provided a hint and an inspiration to the helpless, hopeless man who is tempted to "carry a lonely heart" when in his song of humanity he wrote:

"I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan.
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, and so am I,
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynics ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

"JIM"

"JIM" was not famous as the world gauges fame. He had a wonderfully wide acquaintance among individuals, so wide, indeed, that in the face of the fact that Nebraska did not seem to know him he was one of the best known Nebraskans.

Manifestly it does the dead no good that the living speak well of them, but those who feel a sorrow they cannot define are disposed to say something by way of tribute, and these tributes, paid in faithful spirit to deserving men do the world no harm. I do not, by any means, intend to place "Jim" upon a pedestal. I know that there are, all over this world, men just like him—men who are obeying the divine injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." He obeyed that injunction.

We who knew something of "Jim's" circumstances, realized that although at times his own treasury was depleted, it seemed to be overflowing—and all for the benefit of his fellows. We knew men staggering under heavy loads, in some cases not so large as his own, who were aided in their troubles and largely relieved of their burdens by" Jim's" advice and co-operation. We knew—and this is one of the brightest stars in the constellation of "Jim's" good deeds—that, never in all his life, did he forget the widow or the orphan of a friend.

It is easy to understand how one man will rush to the support of another, strong and powerful, but when the husband and father is gone and there is no chance of recompense in business or in politics, it is too often the case that there are no friends in sight. But "Jim" was not that kind of a friend. The same fidelity, the same honest friendship he displayed toward his strong and influential companion in politics or in business was transmitted to that companion's widow and orphan—and in the transmission it seemed to grow and thrive.

"Jim" was one of those men with whom one could not associate for an hour without learning much. Not everyone knew how thorough a student he was; yet everyone knew that his sympathies were broad and deep, that his heart was big, and that wherever men were hopeless, wherever women were friendless, wherever children were fatherless, they could find in "Jim" a faithful friend.

It was "Jim's" privilege to occupy several places of honor and trust, public and private. As a member of the legislature he was a free man who served the people faithfully. As steward of one of Nebraska's state institutions, he was methodical and business-like and never did an unclean dollar stain his hands. As a citizen he was vigilant for the public good. As a man he was pure and upright. As a friend he was true and faithful. He gave to the world considerably more than the world ever gave to him.

Poets may sing of love and philosophers may write of friendship; but one may search poetry and philosophy in vain for an adequate description of the great

concern which for more than seventeen years "Jim" had in my welfare. I am not capable of rising to the heights of love ever occupied by his great soul, but he taught me love and loyalty for one's friends in every hour of our acquaintance.

There are in Nebraska so many men, women and children to whom "Jim" did some loving service that I am sure I express their sentiments when I write above his grave, in paraphrase of the sweet epitaph he loved so well:

"Warm western sun, shine kindly here;
Warm western breeze blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light!
Good night, dear heart! Good night Good night."